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Ireland, and its Economy; being the Result of Observations made in a Tour through the Country in the Autumn of 1829. By J. E. Bicheno, Esq. Post 8vo. London, 1830. Murray.

This book contains the result of the author's observations on Ireland, made during a tour through that country in the course of last summer,—at a period, consequently, when the great measure of emancipation had brought into relief a certain class of feelings which, in the great mass of the inhabitants of that country, had been but slightly called into action at any previous period. Mr. Bicheno, while he disclaims the character of a political advice-monger, throws out, with considerable liberality, the reflections that may be supposed to have arisen naturally enough in a mind evidently interested in the great cause of social improvement,—though disposed to receive with very great caution the prescriptions that have been lavished on the public as infallible cures for the diseases to which Ireland has so long been a victim. In the mild, yet cautious, spirit to which we have alluded, he touches upon the points of difference between Catholics and Protestants, and upon the great questions of Poor Laws and Absenteeism.

Mr. Bicheno does not consider the differences on religious matters as the great cause of the dissensions that have affected the peace of Ireland; on the contrary, he looks upon those differences—upon the fact that the upper and the humbler classes of society profess different faiths, as itself a phenomenon, that calls for the most anxious inquiry, and admits less easily of solution than those difficulties on which speculators in general are disposed to dwell.

The root of the evils which overshadow Ireland is to be traced, according to our author, to the relations which connect together landlord and tenant. On this point he enlarges with considerable copiousness. He points out the features of dissimilarity between the condition of Ireland and England in that respect, together with the still greater deviations from the old clannish system which formerly obtained in Ireland. On the merits of these various systems,—on their effects on the happiness of the nations that adopt them, Mr. Bicheno enters with great earnestness, and in a tone that seems to us to savour a little of simplicity. From his observations, we think we may gather that the clannish system would be the object of his preference.

Mr. Bicheno, as we have stated, places in the foreground of those causes that have weighed Ireland down, the unfavourable change that occurred long ago in the tenure of property:—

"I will now proceed to mention some of the peculiarities of the old system of landlord and tenant, which, in my opinion, have not been sufficiently regarded; and to the neglect of many of these, I am persuaded, much of the degradation of the country is to be charged. It will be found that there is as much difference between the old and the new connexion, as there is in the principles of union between the parents and children of two families, one of which is ruled mainly by parental love, and the other by the terrors of the rod.

"The state of society in Ireland, down to the Reformation, was similar to that which is recol-

lected to have survived in the Highlands of Scotland to the middle of the last century; and which existed in England, in a modified form, until it was broken up, after the wars of York and Lancaster, by the general improvement of the country, and the introduction of a more profitable system of agriculture. It was clannish and patriarchal. Wherever this state of society has existed, the authority of the proprietors is purchased by conciliating the attachment of their followers; and they leave no art of popularity untried to secure it. * * *

"Such was the state of the Highlands long after the rebellion in 1745, when the heritable jurisdictions were abolished, and the clan system was broken up by severe enactments, in consequence of the political inconveniences which were experienced by the government at that period. It is nevertheless probable, that these legislative measures would have been of little avail, and that a hearty coalition of the two countries would hardly have taken place, if they had not been seconded by the introduction of a new system of agriculture, which, holding out the prospects of profit by increased rents, seduced the lairds from their ancient attachments, and dissolved the strong tie they had upon their people.

"The nature of these strong attachments deserves to be studied by those who would understand the proper relation between landlord and tenant. The Highlands presents in its system the extreme case on the one side of the abuse of the attachment of the tenant to his lord, while Ireland will furnish an example of an opposite kind in the entire alienation of the parties. If the effect of the clannish system was to make the economical virtues cheap, it raised the heroic virtues to the utmost pitch of perfection; and perhaps some persons will think it is not easy, in summing up the good that has resulted from the modern doctrines, to determine the actual gain which has accrued to society. To Ireland, it may confidently be asserted, the result has been fatal. * * *

"The 'Adventurers' and 'Undertakers' of Elizabeth and James, and especially the Cromwellian settlers, were over totally unacquainted with the proprietary system of Ireland. They had been schooled in the new doctrines, which were as opposite to the Irish arrangement as light to darkness. The changes which had taken place in England in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in the relation between landlord and tenant, were as remarkable as anything which had happened in religion or commerce. Old things had passed away, and all things were become new. Agriculture was greatly improved; great investments had been made in land; money rents were paid more generally; and consequently the tenant was less dependent upon his landlord. * * *

"The settlers in Ireland, subsequently to the Reformation, and especially the Cromwellians, by introducing these new doctrines into the country, certainly alienated the tenantry still further from them. All former settlers had found it their interest to adopt the system of the country, and fall in with the established customs of the people. It was the misfortune of the Cromwellians to go thither with a new religion,

new politics, a new system of agriculture, and a new relation between landlord and tenant, subversive of everything which existed, from the highest to the lowest human being. They carried with them neither attachments, sympathies, social ties, nor patrimonial influence. All they could do was by the strong arm of the law, and this was weak. Rents which had been paid willingly to despotic chiefs, were withheld from republican landlords; and contracts, which were binding, under the old system, by being made over a stick or a straw, could not be enforced, under the new, by the most solemn executions of written instruments. Like other untutored nations, they scorned to be held bound by a sheep's-skin. * * *

"An estate has been regarded in Ireland as a money interest alone, and has therefore given the proprietors scarcely any more consequence than exchequer-bills or stock, which would have yielded the same amount of income. A country, where the mercantile class prevails, among whom all the transactions of life are conducted upon the principle of a market price, may perhaps establish the same relation between landlord and tenant where the soil is the object, as between the same parties where houses in towns are concerned; but in a country purely agricultural, and a peasantry among whom the old social feelings are perpetuated, it is impossible to break up the old relation and establish a new one, founded upon pecuniary considerations alone, without doing great violence to society. It is not a relationship of blood, it is true, but it is one of interest, of strong sympathy, and of nature; and if long standing amongst the habits of mankind be anything in the scale, it has a preponderance that no system of the economists can claim. Modern doctrines, indeed, impeach its wisdom, and would supersede its necessity; but Ireland furnishes an example of the opposite system, and holds out her beacon to warn the political innovator, in his uncharted ocean, not to venture near the rock on which she has been wrecked." p. 106—28.

This reasoning, we must observe, appears to us wonderfully inconclusive. Other countries, Mr. Bicheno admits, have passed through the same changes as Ireland. The clannish system has in those other countries passed away, and been replaced by that which he seems disposed to stigmatize by the title of commercial. Yet in no other country than Ireland have the consequences that have manifested themselves in Ireland, been felt. The commercial system, if we may so denominate the system which has superseded the clannish, is that which recognizes a right in every man to enjoy the fruits of his labour—which establishes the independence of individuals—which saves us from the degradation of living on the sufferance of any chieftain—which teaches each to trust for protection to all, or at least to that government which wields the force of the whole community. We pay pretty high, to be sure, for those privileges and that protection; but our ancestors paid much more highly for the protection, such as it was, which the clannish system afforded them. They gave their labour at the pleasure of their superior—they sacrificed to him their independence and

the power of rising in the world. Let any one compare the state of England or Scotland at the present day, with its condition three centuries ago, and he will find in the result answer sufficient to these insinuations as to the superior happiness of the condition in which our ancestors vegetated. We are somewhat ashamed of dwelling on such a topic, but the gravity of Mr. Bicheno's tone challenges notice; and a very slight degree of reflection must suffice to show, that the mere departure from the clannish system cannot have wrought in Ireland the effects which he seems inclined to ascribe to it. As similar revolutions have been the harbingers of social improvement everywhere else, why should different consequences flow from such a revolution in Ireland?

When treating of redundant population, our author adduces some historical matter on the consolidation of farms in England about three centuries ago, which we are disposed to look upon as curious in the extreme. It throws new light on the causes that led to the establishment of poor laws:—

"The consolidation of farms, and the consequent removal of the little tenants, took place in England during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; after the close of the wars of the two Roses, and when the country enjoyed the blessings of internal peace. The great proprietors at this time, made poor by the previous hostilities, were very desirous of profiting by the improved times, and obtained from the king a greater power of alienating their property by what the lawyers call fines. The act of this reign, which facilitates the use of them, gave a greater security to purchasers, and encouraged them to buy, and barred all hostile claims, after the expiration of five years; the improvements in commerce multiplying the means of purchase, and inviting greater investments of capital in land. Then commenced that great change in agricultural history—the conversion of tillage into pasture. In the year 1487, we find the legislature complaining of the destruction of the towns and villages in the Isle of Wight, which at this period were, without doubt, what are called 'townships' or 'villages' in Scotland and Ireland; that the fields were fenced and made pasture; and that, in consequence of the consolidation of farms, the people were decayed: for remedy of this mischief, none was allowed to take more farms than one exceeding ten marks' rent. Another legislative measure of the same year recites, that 'The king remembere that great inconveniences daily do increase by desolation, and pulling down, and wilful waste of houses and towns, within this realm, laying to pasture lands, which customably have been used in tillage, whereby idleness, which is the ground and beginning of all mischief, daily doth increase. For where in some townes two hundred persons were occupied, and lived by their lawful labours, now there are occupied two or three herdesmen, and the residue fall into idleness, &c.,' and enacts, that all owners of houses with twenty acres of land, shall maintain the houses and buildings necessary for tillage. Again, in 1514-15, the same complaint is made of converting tillage into pasture; and in 1521, Henry the Eighth endeavoured to stop the supposed evil by directing commissions to the magistrates for putting the laws against it in force. Still these were not sufficient to counteract the interest of the land-owners, for by an act passed in 1535, the king was to take half the profits of the land so converted, until the owner had built a house, and restored the lands to their former tillage condition. The accumulation of sheep in few hands is also made the subject of complaint about this time, some having 10,000, 20,000, and 24,000, which is attributed to the great profit attending them. A sheep which had sold, before the change, at two shillings and

fourpence, was then sold at six shillings; for remedy, no man shall have more than 2000 sheep, nor take above two farms, and not two unless he reside. The great rise in sheep was therefore not from a scarcity, for they were multiplied prodigiously, but from the altered value of the precious metals.

"Latimer, in his sermons, ascribes the increase of the price of provisions to landlords raising their rents. 'Whence,' says he 'cometh this monstrous and portentous dearth made by man, notwithstanding God doth send us plentifully the frutes of the earth mercifully, contrary to our deserts, notwithstanding the much which these rich men have, causeth such dearth, that poor men, which live of their labour, cannot, with the sweat of their face, have a living, all kind of victuals is so deare, pigges, geese, capons, chickens, eggs, &c., these things with others are so unreasonably enhanced.' In [a passage often quoted, he states that the farm his father held at three or four pounds a year, and which had a walk for a hundred sheep, and thirty milch cows, was in his time let for sixteen pounds a year or more.

" 'Then all kind of victual,' says one of the speakers, in the curious Dialogue between a Husbandman, Knight, Merchant, Capper, and Doctor of Divinity, 'are as dear or dearer agayne, and no cause of God's part thereof, as far as I can perceive, for I never saw more plenty of corn, grass, and cattle of all sort, than we have at this present, and have had as ye know all these xx years passed continually, thanked be Lord God!—' It is scarcity of things which commonly maketh dearth: this is a marvellous dearth, that in such plenty cometh contrary to his kind.' The Husbandman accuses the Knight, and the Knight the Husbandman, that he is the cause he cannot live. One lays it to the rise in rents, the other, that he must buy so dear corn cattle, geese, pigs, &c. 'Cannot you remember,' says the Knight, 'that in this town, within these xxx years, I could buy the best pig or goose for 4d., which now costeth 12d., a chicken for 1d., a hen for 2d., which now costeth me double and treble the money?'

"It appears, that instead of one or two hundred persons that had their living from tillaging a farm, there were then three or four shepherds, and the master only, who obtained a living therefrom.

"The protector, Somerset, favoured the poor. A commission was issued to inquire of inclosures and farms, and whether those who had purchased the abbey-lands kept hospitality. The lords carried an act for imparking grounds, but it was cast out by the commons: 'yet, gentlemen went on everywhere,' says Burnett, 'taking their lands into their own hands, and inclosing them.' In 1549, the inclosure of commons and the conversion of tillage lands into pasture created so much uneasiness, that Edward the Sixth endeavoured to check the evil complained of by a proclamation, desiring that all late inclosures might be laid open.

"One ill effect of the dissoluteness of the people broke out this summer (1549), says Burnett, 'occasioned by the inclosing of lands. While the monasteries stood, there were great numbers of people maintained about these houses; their lands were easily let out, and many were relieved by them. But now, the number of people increased much, marriage being universally allowed: they also had more time than formerly, by the abrogation of many holidays, and the putting down of processions and pilgrimages; so that as the numbers increased, they had more time than they knew how to bestow. Those who bought in the church-lands, as they everywhere raised their rents, of which old Latimer made great complaints in one of his court sermons, so they resolved to inclose

their grounds, and turn them to pasture; for trade was then rising fast, and corn brought not in so much money as wool did. Their flocks also being kept by few persons in grounds so inclosed, the landlords themselves enjoyed the profit which formerly the tenants made out of their estates; and so they intended to force them to serve about them at any such rates as they would allow.'

"The insurrections of this period are to be attributed to these changes in agriculture, though they terminated in religious broils. 'I think it to be the most occasion of these wild and unhappy uproars,' says the Doctor of Divinity in the Dialogue, 'that hath been among us, for by reason of these inclosures many subjects have no ground to live upon, as they had before time, and occupations be not always set a work all alike, and therefore the people still increasing, and their livings diminishing, it must needs come to pass, that a great part of the people be idle, and lack living. For hunger is a bitter thing to bear; wherefore they must needs, when they lack, murmur against them that have plenty, and so stir these tumults.' The Doctor, who is the oracle of the 'Dialogue,' lays the dearth to the depreciation in the coin.

"All the measures adopted in previous reigns for keeping land in tillage had failed; and, therefore, in 1597, the statutes made against the destruction of towns and houses of husbandry were repealed, and another attempt was made by a new statute, which again enforced the conversion of pasture into tillage; but it was all in vain, since the interest of the proprietors was unanimously opposed to it. From the frequency of these laws, Mr. Hume naturally infers that they could not be executed.

"The 'clearing,' in this case, as in all others, threw great numbers out of their bread, and caused the utmost distress throughout the country. One of the speakers in the 'Dialogue,' exclaims, 'Yea! those sheepe is the cause of all these mischieves, for they have driven husbandry out of the country, by the which was increased before all kinds' of victuals, and now altogether sheepe, sheepe, sheepe!' 'When an unsatiable wretch,' says Sir Thomas More, 'who is a plague to his country, resolves to inclose many thousand acres of ground, the owners, as well as tenants, are turned out of their possessions, by tricks, or by main force, or being wearied out with ill-usage, they are forced to sell them. By which means those miserable people, both men and women, married and unmarried, old and young, with their poor but numerous families, are all forced to change their seats, not knowing whither to go.'

"The same policy, which led to the destruction of the *cottier* system of husbandry, favoured enclosures, while the investment of capital in sheep and cattle, led on gradually to a better system of tillage, and the creation of a new class in society—labourers in husbandry. Tusser, who published in 1557, devotes one of his rhyming chapters to a comparison between 'Champion country and Several,' in which the advantages of the latter are made to appear:

"More plenty of mutton and beef,
Cote, butter, and cheese of the best,
More wealth any where, to be brief,
More people, more handsome and prest,
Where find ye? (go search any coast)
Than them where inclosure is most."

"The statute of Elizabeth against the erecting and maintaining of cottages, would lead me to infer, that the poor ejected tenants struggled hard against their fate, setting themselves down upon the property of needy owners, who were willing to make a profit of their necessities, or upon any piece of waste or unclaimed ground, where they might erect a cabin for their shelter. I think this is confirmed by the numerous exceptions which are made in favour of cottages built under other circumstances, and by the

clause which forbids more than one family to abide in one cottage.

"One of the most remarkable consequences which resulted from this change in agriculture, was, that it favoured, more than almost any other circumstance, the introduction of poor laws. It threw at once vast numbers of people out of a living; and as we find from the statutes passed against vagabonds, multiplied this lawless race. If there were any justification needed for throwing such a burden upon the land, it might be found in the necessity of the case, and in the injustice which the proprietors were practising upon their tenants, by ejecting them from their livelihood." p. 145—56.

As to the expediency of introducing poor-laws into Ireland, Mr. Bicheno entertains some doubt. He argues on the impolicy of extending relief to others than the aged, the impotent, the diseased; and dwells on the disadvantages that are found to accompany the recognition of a right to relief on the part of all who may choose to apply for parochial assistance. In the course of his observations, he says some things that are well worthy of being noted, on the disadvantage to which the classes immediately above the lowest are exposed by relief extended to those beneath them; but in dwelling as he does on the advantage that results to society from fostering those feelings which induce individuals to indulge in deeds of charity that shall render poor laws, in a great measure, unnecessary, Mr. Bicheno forgets, we think, the means in the end. Of the necessity which exists for introducing poor-laws into Ireland, if we would give that unfortunate country a chance of regeneration, we have been long convinced; of the equally strong necessity which exists for preventing the peasantry of England and Scotland from being dragged into a fathomless abyss of poverty by the competition of labourers from Ireland, we have even less doubt; and it does appear to us strange that Mr. Bicheno, who can detect in the records of English society appearances similar to those which Ireland now presents, should hesitate to believe that the same provision which sufficed for the elevation of England to a higher rank in the social scale, would produce, in time, similar effects upon Ireland. A provision for the aged and the disabled merely, would be of little avail. It would not check the tide of population, that now flows so much faster than capital; it would not elevate the habits of the Irish poor; it would not generate kindly feelings between the high and the low; it would not render the aristocracy responsible for the heavy sins which they have committed against the peace and prosperity of Ireland. Poor-laws, similar in spirit to those of England, but administered on those improved principles which the intelligence of the present day may be expected to supply, would, on the contrary, have all these happy effects. It would prove a cure for absenteeism; it would render the rich the guardians of the poor, and lead, by consequence, to an improvement in the habits of the latter; it would, in fact, pledge the rich to the attainment of that most desirable end; it would stimulate the accumulation of capital, while it checked the increase of population—because where the poor must be provided with employment, or supported in idleness, the rich will not be slow to improve their estates, and to embark in trade. The commercial greatness of England we are inclined to ascribe, in a great measure, to the establishment of poor-laws,—to that necessity which they entailed upon the landed proprietors of preserving those beneath them from destitution. It should never be forgotten that all social improvements imply, in the first instance, misery to a large class; and surely the great ends of society will be best attained by diffusing its pressure over as wide a surface as possible,—by causing the rich to bear the disadvantages of improvement, while they

profit by the improvements themselves. If the rich would have their property secure, they should never render it for the interest of the poor to endanger its security. The poor laws give to the poor as well as to the rich a deep interest in strengthening the security of property; while the permission which the peasantry of Ireland at present enjoy, to an unlimited extent, of increasing their numbers, and bidding against each other for employment and food, must dispose them, as the competition becomes intense, to wreak their vengeance on those who in the first instance profit by their misery.

In alluding to absenteeism, our author seems disposed to admit that, in a mercantile point of view, the spending of its rents abroad may not injure Ireland. He bows to what he terms the opinion of the economists on this point; though in regard to its moral influence he thinks absenteeism to be deprecated. Now, it is the fate of political economy, as of all other faiths, philosophical and religious, to be liable to imputations to which the heresies of a portion of its professors give a colour. Mr. Macculloch's doctrine of absenteeism is not an essential portion of the general system of political economy; it is a mere excrecence on the healthy stem of that science—a paradox, as false as it is revolting.

We take leave of Mr. Bicheno with feelings of respect for his talents and learning, and above all, for the dispassionate manner in which he delivers his views on the great questions on which he touches.

The Fortunes of Perkin Warbeck; a Romance.
By the Author of "Frankenstein." 3 vols. post 8^{vo}. London, 1830. Colburn & Bentley.

To historical novels we confess ourselves to have a decided antipathy. They derivate from the dignity of history, by dragging her from the noble elevation where the sanction of ages has fixed her, to degrade her into a mere vehicle of romance. They cast the hue of falsehood over the glories of her truth, and rob her of her symmetry by a load of meretricious decoration. Characters which she has consecrated are abridged of their finest proportions by the merciless predilections of fiction; and those which she has consigned to everlasting infamy, are adorned in all the blazonry of romantic virtue. We scarcely know her under the gorgeous disguise. In spite, however, of our objection to historical romances, we are bound to confess that the volumes before us are the productions of no ordinary pen. It is manifest that a richly-endowed and vigorous intellect has directed the hand which traced them. They are written with a noble energy of thought—a deep concentration of feeling—a fervid glow of expression, and sweet purity of sentiment, which display in their author the very highest capabilities. The reader is hurried on from action to action with a spirit-stirring impulse, which never for a moment allows his excitement to abate; and the scenes which follow each other in such rapid succession, are wrought out with all the distinctness of a present reality. The characters are drawn with great vividness, and in some of them, especially, there is an originality which strikingly marks the powerfully-creative mind of the author of "Frankenstein."

Clifford, Fron, and Herman de Faro, we take to be very noble conceptions. The two first stand before us in the darkest hues of reckless depravity, whilst the latter is endowed with a dignity, which a peculiar mental idiosyncrasy often superadds to the natural elevation of virtue.

Mrs. Shelley's work contains simply what its title indicates—the fortunes of Perkin Warbeck, (whom our fair author presumes to be no impostor, but the true Plantagenet,) from his rescue from the Tower, when a child, to the sad termination of his career upon the scaffold.

The great defect in this romance appears to us to be the painful anticipation of disaster which is continually forced upon the reader, and which the mind cannot escape from, so that no pleasurable emotions are excited. It is painful to hurry through a succession of events which we know beforehand will all terminate unhappily. Warbeck's marriage with Lady Catherine Gordon is the only oasis amid the wilderness of misfortune through which he is doomed to wander. The interest of the reader is necessarily vastly diminished by his unavoidable knowledge, that every effort of the hero will fail, and that destruction must overtake him at the last.

We shall now let our fair author speak for herself—assured that she will fully vindicate her right to the merits which we have awarded her. We give her portrait of Monina de Faro:—

"Monina de Faro was, even in childhood, a being to worship and to love. There was a dreamy sweetness in her countenance—a mystery in the profound sensibility of her nature, that fascinated beyond all compare. Her characteristic was not so much the facility of being impressed, as the excess of the emotion produced by every new idea or feeling. Was she gay?—her large eyes laughed in their own brightness, her lovely countenance became radiant with smiles, her thrilling voice was attuned to lightest mirth, while the gladness that filled her heart, overflowed from her as light does from the sun, imparting to all around a share of its own essence. Did sorrow oppress her?—dark night fell upon her mind, clouding her face, oppressing her whole person, which staggered and bent beneath the freight. Had she been susceptible of the stormier passions, her subtle and yielding soul would have been their unresisting victim;—but though impetuous—wild—the slave of her own sensations, her soft bosom could harbour no emotion unallied to goodness; and the devouring appetite of her soul, was the desire of benefiting all around her. Her countenance was the mirror of her mind. Its outline resembled those we see in Spanish pictures, not being quite oval enough for a northern beauty. It seemed widened at the forehead, to give space for her large long eyes, and the canopy of the darkly fringed and veined lid; her hair was not black, but of a rich sunny chestnut, finer than carded silk, and more glossy; her skin was delicate, somewhat pale, except when emotion suffused it with a deep pink. In person, she was not tall, but softly rounded; and her taper, rosicated fingers, and little feet, bespoke the delicate proportion that moulded her form to a beauty, whose every motion awakened admiration and love." i. 214—16.

The following picture of a bravo of the vindictive King of England is wrought with terrific distinctness:—

"In those times, when recent civil war had exasperated the minds of men one against the other, it was no difficult thing for a Lancastrian King to find an instrument willing and fitting to work injury against a Yorkist. During Henry's exile in Britany, he had become acquainted with a man, who had resorted to him there for the sole purpose of exciting him against Richard the Third; he had been a favourite page of Henry the Sixth; he had waited on his son, Edward, Prince of Wales, that noble youth whose early years promised every talent and virtue; he had idolized the heroic and unhappy Queen Margaret. Henry died a foul death in the Tower; the gracious Edward was stabbed at Tewkesbury; the royal Margaret had given place to the widow Woodville: while, through the broad lands of England, the sons of York rioted in the full possession of her wealth. Meiler Trangmar felt every success of theirs as a poisoned arrow in his flesh; he hated them, as the mother may hate the tiger, whose tusks are

red with the life-blood of her first-born; he hated them, not with the measured aversion of a warlike foe, but the dark frantic vehemence of a wild beast deprived of its young. He had been the father of three sons; the first had died at Prince Edward's feet ere he was taken prisoner; another lost his head on the scaffold; the third—the boy had been nurtured in hate, bred amid dire curses and bitter imprecations, all levelled against Edward the Fourth and his brothers; his mind had become distorted by the ill food that nurtured it: he brooded over the crimes of these men, till he believed that he should do a good deed in immolating them to the ghosts of the murdered Lancastrians. He attempted the life of the king—was seized—tortured to discover his accomplices: he was tortured, and the father heard his cries beneath the dread instrument, to which death came as a sweet release. Real madness for a time possessed the unhappy man, and when reason returned, it was only the dawn of a tempestuous day, which rises on the wrecks of a gallant fleet and its crew, strewn on the dashing waves of a stormy sea. He dedicated himself to revenge; he had sought Henry in Britany; he had fought at Bosworth, and at Stoke. The success of his cause, and the peace that followed, was at first a triumph, at last almost a pain to him. He was haunted by memories which pursued him like the hell-born Eumenides; often he uttered piercing shrieks, as the scenes, so pregnant with horror, recurred too vividly to his mind. The priests, to whom he had recourse as his soul's physicians, counselled him the church's discipline; he assumed the Franciscan habit, but found sack-cloth and ashes no refuge from the greater torture of his mind. This man, in various ways, had been recalled to Henry's mind, and now he selected him to effect his purpose." i. 247—51.

The meeting of the Duke of York with Jane Shore is a very sweetly-affecting passage:—

" Seated in the rude gipsy-cart, guided, protected, by the uncouth being into whose hands he had so strangely fallen, Richard for the first time felt the degradation and low fortune to which his aspirations, at variance with his means, made him liable. With a strong effort he dismissed these painful ideas, and fixed his contemplation on mightier objects, which gilded his mean estate, or were rather the 'gold o'erusted' by such extraneous poverty. To rise from this lowliness to a throne were an empire worth his ambition. Was he not a few hours ago a prisoner in the terror-striking Tower? And now he was free—free in his England; which, when the battle-day was come and past, would claim him for her own. A few words from Monina interrupted the silence: she sat at his feet, and they conversed in whispers in Spanish. Night had gathered round them; Monina, in all the innocence of her pure heart, was supremely happy: to be near her friend in his disasters, united to him in his peril, was a more rapturous destiny to her than the world's best pomp, and he absent. No busy conscience, no untoward thought, disturbed in her soul the calm of perfect bliss. She grew weary at last; her head sunk on Richard's knee, and, overworn with watching, she fell into a deep sleep. Richard heard her regular breathing; once or twice his fingers played among her dishevelled ringlets, while his heart whispered to him what a wondrous creation woman was—weak, frail, complaining, when she suffers for herself; heroic fortitude and untired self-devotion are hers, when she sacrifices herself for him she loves.

" The cart moved on, Richard saw not whither; they almost stuck in some flat low fields, and at last arrived at a solitary, miserable hut. Monina awoke, when they stopped, and the gipsy told them that this wretched dwelling was to be their asylum: the apartment they entered was poor beyond meanness—a bed of straw piled in

one corner, a rude bench formed the furniture; the walls were ragged and weather-stained, and the outer crumbling rafters were visible through the broken ceiling: there appeared to be neither food nor fire. The inhabitant of the hovel alone was there, a white-looking, emaciated female; yet with a look of such sweetness and patience, that she seemed the very enshrinement of Christian resignation, the type of sorrow and suffering, married to meek obedience to the supreme will. She had roused herself from slumber at the voice of the gipsy, and gathered her scant garments around her—scant and poor they were; her coarse woollen dress was tied by a girdle of rope round her slender waist; her head was wrapt in a kerchief; her feet were bare.

" 'Jane,' said the old woman, 'you will not refuse the shelter of your roof to these poor wanderers?'

" Such an address seemed strange, for the rich attire of her guests ill-accorded with her poverty-stricken home; but she turned with a smile—she spoke—and then a throb of agony seemed to convulse her frame—her head swam; Richard rushed forward to prevent her falling, but she shrunk from him, and leaned on the old woman, who said with a look of triumph, 'I knew how it would be; it is vain to hide a bright light behind a veil of gauze! Yes, Jane, this is his son; and you may save him from danger and death.'

" Jane Shore, the once lovely mistress of King Edward, now the miserable outcast of the world's scorn, heard these words, as if they had been spoken to her in a dream. After the death of her royal lover, she had obeyed the impulse that made her cling to the soft luxuries of life, and yielded to solicitations which tended to guard her from the sharp visitation of the world. She had become the mistress of the Marquess of Dorset; but sorrow and penury were destined to pursue her in their worst shape—and wherefore? She had been good and humane; and in spite of her error, even the sternest moralist might have pitied her. But she was all woman, fearful of repulse, dreading insult; more willing to lie down and die, than, fallen and miserable, to solicit uncertain relief: squalid poverty, famine, and lonely suffering, were hers; yet in all she preserved an unalterable sweetness of disposition, which painted her wan face with its own soft colouring.

" The old woman went forth to seek for food, and the two friends were left for several hours alone with Jane. She gazed affectionately on the youthful Duke; she looked more timidly on Monina, whose sex could not be said to be disguised by her page's dress: the fallen woman fears woman, their self-sufficient virtues and cold reprobation; yet the sensibility of Monina's countenance, and the soft expression of her eyes, so all-powerful in their sweetness, could not be mistaken; and her first shrinking from censure was exchanged for even a more painful feeling. They were a lovely pair, these lone guests of poverty; innocence sat on the brow of each, yet love beamed in their aspect:—love! the two-edged sword, the flower-strewn poison, the dread cause of every misery! More than famine and sickness Jane feared love; for with it in her mind were linked shame and guilt, and the world's unkindness, hard to bear to one, whose heart was 'open as day to melting charity,' and she feared that she saw in this sweet girl a bright reflex of her early days. Oh, might the blotted mirror ne'er portray a change like hers! 'I am a living lesson of the woes of love,' thought poor Jane; 'may this chance-visit to my hut, which saves young Richard's life, ensure her innocence!' Thus impelled, she spoke: she spoke of the danger of their solitary companionship; she adjured York to fly the delusive charm—for love's own sake he ought

to fly; for if he made her his victim, affection would be married to hate—joy to woe—her he prized to a skeleton, more grim than death. Richard strove to interrupt her, but she mis-understood his meaning; while Monina, somewhat bewildered, fancied that she only alluded to the dangers she incurred in his cause, and with her own beaming look cried, 'Oh, Mother, is it not better to suffer for one so noble, than to live in the cold security of prosperity?'

" 'No, no,' said Jane: 'Oh, does my miserable fate cry aloud; no! Edward, his father, was bright as he. Libertine he was called: I know not if truly; but sincere was the affection he bore to me. He never changed nor faltered in the faith he promised, when he led me from the dull abode of connubial strife, to the bright home of love. Riches and the world's pleasures were the least of his gifts, for he gave me himself and happiness. Behold me now: twelve long years have passed, and I waste and decay; the wedded wife of shame; famine, sorrow, and remorse, my sole companions.'

" This language was too plain. The blood rushed into Monina's face. 'Oh, love him not,' continued the hapless penitent; 'fly his love, because he is beautiful, good, noble, worthy—fly from him, and thus preserve him yours for ever.' ii. 130—37.

Clifford's frustrated attempt at assassination is a vivid, but startling picture:—

" War, held in leash during the army's march from Edinburgh, was now let loose; swift and barbarous he tore forward on his way; a thousand destructions waited on him; his track was marked by ruin: the words of Lord Surrey were fulfilled. What a sight for one, whose best hope in acquiring his kingdom, was to bestow the happiness of which the usurper deprived it. The English troops, about five hundred men, crossed the wide-spread plains in the immediate vicinity of Scotland; they entered a beaten track, where the traces of cultivation spoke of man: a village peeped from among the hedge-row trees—York's heart beat high. Would the simple inhabitants refuse to acknowledge him? A few steps disclosed the truth—the village had been sacked by the Scotch: it was half burnt, and quite deserted; one woman alone remained—she sat on a pile of ashes wailing aloud. The exiles dared not read in each other's eyes the expression of their horror; they walked on like men rebuked. This was England, their country, their native home; and they had brought the fierce Scot upon her. Passing forward, they met trains of waggons laden with spoil, droves of cattle and sheep. They overtook a troop roasting an ox by the burning rafters of a farmhouse, whose green palings, trim orchard, and shaved grass-plat, spoke of domestic comfort; the house-dog barked fearfully: a Lowland archer transfixed him with his arrow.

" The English marched on; they dared not eye the ravagers; shame and hate contended—these were their allies; while the sarcasm and scornful laugh which followed them, drugged with wormwood the bitter draught. In vain, west or east or south, did they turn their eyes, a sad variety of the same misery presented itself on every side. A stout yeoman, gashed by an Highlander's claymore, was sometimes the ghastly stepping-stone passed over to enter his own abode; women and children had not been spared, or were only left to perish for want. Often during apparent silence, a fearful shriek, or the voice of lamentation, burst upon the air: now it was a woman's cry—now the shrill plaint of infancy. With the exception of these sufferers, the landscape was a blank. Where were the troops of friends Richard had hoped would hail him? Where the ancient Yorkists? Gone to augment the army which Surrey was bringing against the Scot; attached to these ill-omened allies, how could the Prince hope to be met by

his partizans? He had lost them all; the first North Briton who crossed the Tweed trampled on and destroyed for ever the fallen White Rose.

"Resolutely bent on going forward till he should have advanced beyond the Scotch, on the following day York continued his march. They entered the ruins of another village; the desolation here was even more complete, although more recent; the flame was hardly spent upon the blackened rafters; the piles which the day before had been smiling dwellings, still smoked; a few domestic animals were skulking about. There was a church at the end of what had been a street; this was not spared. The English entered the desecrated aisle; an aged bleeding monk was lying at the altar's foot, who scowled even in death upon the soldiery; suddenly he recognized his countrymen; pleasure gleamed in his sunken eyes, 'Ye will avenge us! Deliver the land! The hand of God will lead ye on!'

"Plantagenet rushed forward, 'Father!' he cried, 'do I find you here?'

"The old man spoke, looked faintly; Edmund bent over him: 'My father, it is I, Edmund, your boy, your murde—'

"'My son,' said the Monk, 'I behold you again, and die content! You are in arms, but by the blessing of the saints your sword's point is turned against the cruel invader. Not one, oh! not one Englishman will fall by his brother's hand, for not one will fight for that base deceit, the ill-nurtured Perkin, to whom God in his wrath has given such show of right as brings the Scot upon us. Once I thought—but no son of York would ally himself to these cruel border-robbers. God of my country, oh curse, curse him and his cause!' " ii. 299—303.

There is great spirit in the midnight attack on the city of Waterford:—

"Anon there came the splash of waters, the shout of men, the sentinels' startled cry, the sudden rush of the guard, the clash of swords, the scream, the low groan, the protracted howl, and the fierce bark of the watch-dog joining in: ** yet honour, magnanimity, devotion filled the hearts of those who thus turned to hell a seeming paradise. Led by Richard and De Faro, while a party was left behind to ensure retreat, another rushed forward right through the town, to throw open the western gate, and admit Desmond, before the terrified citizens had exchanged their night-caps for helmets; in vain; already the market-place was filled with soldiers ready for the encounter; guided by a native, they endeavour to find a way through the bye-streets; they lost themselves; they got entangled in narrow alleys; the awakened citizens cast upon their heads tiles, blocks of wood, all they could lay hands upon; to get back to the square was their only salvation; although the storm and yell that rose behind, assured them that Desmond had commenced the attack. With diminished numbers York regained the market-place; here he was furiously attacked; the crowd still increased, until the knot of assailants might have been crushed, it seemed, by mere numbers; day, bright day, with its golden clouds and swift-pacing sun, dawned upon the scene. In one of those pauses which sometimes occur in the most chaotic roar, a trumpet was heard, sounding as it seemed Desmond's retreat from the walls. Richard felt that he was deserted, that all hope was over; and to secure the retreat of his men was a work of sufficient difficulty. Foot to foot the young hero and the veteran mariner fought; one by the quickness of his blows, the other by his tower-like strength, keeping back the enemy; while retreating slowly, their faces to the foe, they called on their men to make good their escape. They reached the quay—they saw the wide river, their refuge; their vessels near at hand, the boats hovering close, their safety was

in sight, and yet hope of safety died in their hearts, so many and so fierce were those who pressed on them. Richard was wounded, weary, faint; De Faro alone—Reginald's old tower, which, dark and scathless, frowned on them, seemed his type. They were at the water's edge, and the high tide kissed with its waves the very footway of the quay: 'Courage, my Lord, a few more blows and we are safe!' the mariner spoke thus, for he saw Richard totter; and his arm, raised feebly, fell again without a stroke. At that moment, flame, and then a bellowing roar, announced that the tardy cannonner had at last opened his battery on the fleet, from the tower. One glance De Faro cast on his caravel; the bolt had struck and damaged one of the vessels, but the Adalid escaped. 'Courage, my Lord!' again he shouted; and at that moment a blow was struck at Richard which felled him; he lay stretched at De Faro's feet. Ere it could be repeated, the head of the assailant was cleaved by a Moorish scymitar. With furious strength, De Faro then hurled his weapon among the soldiers; the unexpected act made them recoil; he lifted up the insensible form of Richard with the power of an elephant; he cast him into the near waves, and leapt in after: raising him with one hand, he cut the waters with the other, and swam thus towards his vessel, pursued by a rain of missiles; one arrow glanced on Richard's unstrung helmet, another fixed itself in the joint at the neck; but De Faro was unhurt. He passed, swimming thus, the nearest vessels; the sailors crowded to the sides, imploring him to enter: as if it had been schoolboy's sport, he refused, till he reached the Adalid, till his own men raised Richard, revived now, but feeble, to her worn deck: and he, on board her well-known planks, felt superior to every sovereign in the world." iii. 45—8.

The description of the visit of the Queen and Lady Catherine Gordon to the dungeon of the condemned Duke of York, is powerfully affecting; but it is too long to transfer to our pages.

We must now close our notice of these interesting volumes, which are, in our opinion, calculated to enhance the reputation of their fair author. We have by no means selected the finest passages, as some of these were much too long for our columns: we have confined ourselves, therefore, to shorter extracts, and must refer our readers to the volumes themselves, if they wish to have an adequate idea of their merits.

A brief Vindication of the Hon. East India Company's Government of Bengal, from the attacks of Messrs. Rickards and Crawford. By R. D. Mangles, Bengal Civil Servant. London, 1830. Ridgway.

In entering the lists against the two formidable adversaries of the East India Company mentioned in the title, Mr. Mangles desires nothing more "than that even-handed justice which gives an impartial hearing to both parties." A request so reasonable cannot be rejected: *audi alteram partem* is a maxim which, for the honour of the country, will, we trust, never be clamored down, or permitted to fall into disuse. Made up as our mind immutably is, after the most laborious and diligent consideration of a subject confessedly involved in great difficulty, and beset by the most contrarious opinions, it is justice to our author to concede, that we have perused his work with much pleasure. Making due allowance for very excusable touch of acerbity, delicately applied here and there, we commend that gentlemanly spirit of moderation, and that propriety of diction, which give value to this well-written pamphlet. If the arguments of Mr. Mangles do not always convince, they will seldom prove offensive. The most stern and determined enemy of the established monopoly may read it without a frown.

Mr. Mangles, aware of the deep importance of his subject, enters the field without any nausious display or gasconade. Like the son of Jesse, he comes with confidence to fight against the Gog and Magog of anti-monopoly;—but much as we admire his prowess, we do not apprehend he will bear away the heads of his gigantic foes. We agree with our author, that it is incumbent on Mr. Rickards to suggest some tangible remedy for the evils which he has denounced. But we are by no means prepared to affirm that he has it not in contemplation to do so. Indeed, Mr. Rickards has formally announced that it is within the range of his meditated project; and that the Fifth Part "is to contain suggestions for a reform of the administration of India, as regards the present system, both at home and abroad." We are therefore of opinion that it will be more decorous to suspend our judgment on that essential point, until the production of the final portion of his comprehensive labours. "To avoid periphrasis," Mr. Mangles is pleased to designate the school of those "politico-philosophers," to which these two champions belong, by the very significant and not-to-be-mistaken term of "pessimism," and the professors, of course, as pessimists! But we hardly imagine that the other school will have the modesty to assume optimism for their device, or even to bind it pharisaically as a phylactery upon their brow!

We neither agree with Mr. Crawford, in the high-flown estimate he has taken of the advantages of colonization, nor even with our author, in his more restricted and more discreet view of their value. The nature of the climate, and the certain deteriorating effects it would inevitably produce on the colonists, in the course of even one generation,—if a generation could indeed be reared—for we believe that not one child in fifteen would come to manhood,—added to the nature, temper, habits, feelings, castes, customs, manners, and prejudices of the natives, will always oppose the most insurmountable barriers to such a visionary project. Nor are we to be stopped short in a remark thus grounded on the most indisputable basis, by being reminded that here and there an indigo-planter has fixed himself on the soil. Nor will it avail anything to point to America, or to Botany Bay. We might as well dream of colonizing the West India Islands!—in either case, the East or the West Indies would soon become the Necropolis, the Golgotha, of Britain;—nothing, indeed, could so effectually ease us of our overflowing population. Besides, we agree with our author, that it is high time that a portion of respectable offices under government should be brought within the reach of qualified natives. It is really not to be endured, that, excepting a few menial situations, the whole body of inhabitants should be excluded from the pale of the administration erected by the Company over their country. "Sir Henry Strachey truly says, (we quote Mr. Mangles,) that it is only since the Europeans were well paid, that they themselves became trust-worthy." If so, we may venture to try a few intelligent Hindoos; possibly, when they are well paid, they, too, may become trust-worthy! We do not deem it more arduous for Messrs. Rickards and Crawford "to sit down at the distance of 16,000 miles, to draw up Utopian constitutions; to prescribe quack medicines for disorders, of which the cause and malignity are equally unknown; or to denounce the only existing sources of revenue as polluted," &c.,—than for the Directors, at the same distance, to embody rules and regulations, and general letters, for the guidance of their governors, and for the governance of 100,000,000 of natives, whose peculiarity of situation demands the wisest management.

In regard to the PERMANENT SETTLEMENT introduced by Lord Cornwallis, in 1790, under

circumstances of acknowledged difficulty, when, in point of fact, a correct knowledge of the real existing resources,—we might almost say, of the real proprietors,—could not possibly be obtained, we are disposed to believe that his Lordship, whose probity and good feeling were never impeached, even by his enemies, really acted under the most pure and benevolent intentions. But as he knew on what uncertain and questionable grounds the main buttresses of his new settlement were based, we must say, at all events, it ought not to have been established on the principle of the laws of the Medes and Persians. But having said this, to show the absurdity of making the settlement *permanent*, we do not hesitate to concur with our author, that, "considering the condition of every class connected with the soil, from the highest Zemindar to the lowest cultivator, previous to 1789, it is grossly unjust to regard the permanent settlement as the instrumental cause of evils which were in intense operation ages before that plan was first suggested, and which certainly could not have been less extensive and deplorable at the present day, if it had never been carried into execution."

On this point, we concede, Mr. Mangles is entitled to triumph. But impartiality requires that we should particularly refer our readers to pages 139 and 140, where our author takes a melancholy sketch of the degraded, demoralized state of the natives, as well as of the evils and crimes which prevailed previous to 1790;—he concludes thus: "I have spoken of these evils in the past tense, as existing at the time when the present judicial system was introduced. I do not mean to imply that they do not survive to this day. They do: though in some respects they are greatly modified;" from which he infers the serious "difficulty of giving even a tolerable government to men, who not only cannot do anything for themselves, but whose individual vices are constantly counteracting the exertions of their rulers for the general good." In order rightly to estimate the actual condition of the Hindoo, let Mr. Mangles's synopsis of crimes, from 1813 to 1825, be compared with similar statement for any European region of equal population, and let a balance be fairly struck; then let it be pronounced on which side the beam of burglary, robbery, violence, and murder inclines;—and until this be done, let the poor Hindoo be spared—let him be no longer pressed down either by the favorers, or by the enemies of the present rule in India. Much as they may abound in petty pilferings and prevarication, and even mendacity, we will not admit that in the blacker shades of highway robbery, violent frays, drunkenness, and murder, the Indian canvas assumes a deeper hue, than might be observed in more fortunate and more talented countries. Besides, considering our superior knowledge and enlightened condition, it is not enough that the Hindoo, who has now lived under the *Ægis* of the Company's dominion for many years, should in virtue and in vice remain stationary. If our laws and government, *together with our example*, have not the power of ameliorating the character of the natives, and of coercing those indigenous elements of profligacy and turpitude, which have been so long complained of,—then, we ask, where is the mighty advantage of our boasted institutions? We judge of the soundness of a government by the morals and well-being of the governed; and until the Hindoo is rendered a happier and a better man, we shall not rank in the numbers of those who pay intense "*to the powers that be*";—nor, advertising to the Company's motto, shall we say, "*Nolumus leges Angliae mutari.*" The condition of the Hindoo must be ameliorated: the sooner the better.

First Love. A Novel. Post 8^m. London, 1830. Saunders & Otley.

We had begun to flatter ourselves that the tide of novel publishing, and novel reading, was something on the ebb; and that—thanks to our societies of knowledge, and rational instruction, useful or entertaining—the public appetite had changed, and a little reformed its taste. A smart fire, notwithstanding, is still kept up from the West End—as many affected or stupid representations of the vices or follies of the day make their appearance as heretofore; and nothing but complete satiety will put an effectual stop to the daily and weekly inundation. In the novel of "First Love," we are at a loss to trace much which can redeem it from the sweeping censure to which too many of its contemporaries are so obnoxious. The story is rather too improbable to interest very deeply the sympathy of any sensible reader; the plot lays claim to little ingenuity or invention, and the characters and incidents throughout, are of too extravagant or too ludicrous a cast to win attention. The moral, to be sure, may be allowed higher praise; since it may be said to develop the superiority of good principle over bad, in the rivalry of two very decided champions in their way—but by no means the most interesting or entertaining.

The hero, in short, commences his career in very humble circumstances,—being the stolen child of a common vagrant, who opens the book by making a most unmerciful attack on the poor little urchin, who, at the close of its pages, becomes a great admiral, and no other than the son of an admiral under whom he sometimes served—the great Lord Fitz Ullin. In thus speaking, however, of the general scope and character of the work, it is only just to state that in a few scenes, and particular portions, there is some forcible and interesting writing, enough to redeem it from the oblivion to which half of its class are so soon and deservedly consigned. After what we have said, it will also be due to the author to extract a brief specimen of the better portion to which we allude. It is as follows:—

"A few days more, and our hero's ship, the Glorious, was on the high seas. It was night. Edmund had had the early watch—had been relieved—had retired to his hammock—had fallen into a sound sleep, and was dreaming of Lodore. Suddenly, his pleasing vision became troubled. A thunder-storm arose; the loud peal rolled, and resounded from mountain to mountain: the little girls shrieked. He started awake; and found the scene indeed different; but the noises which had occasioned his dream, real. The drum was beating to quarters; signal-guns were firing; and all hands hastening on deck. He jumped out of his hammock. The officers were all getting up; the men were casting the great guns loose, knocking away the bulk-heads, and tumbling them, as well as all the furniture of the cabins—trunks, tables, chairs, &c. &c.—pell-mell together, down into the hold, with a tremendous clatter. In short, the ship was clearing for action. She was also tacking to close with the enemy, and her deck, in consequence, was greatly crowded: blue lights burning, rockets going off, sails flapping, yards swinging, ropes rattling, and the trampling of feet excessive; while the voice of the officer giving orders was heard, from time to time, resounding through all. The vessel they were approaching, carried two stern-lights, indicating that a vice-admiral was on board. While all eyes were fixed upon her, she drew near slowly, and on coming up, opened at once all the ports of her three decks, displaying a blaze of lights which, amid the surrounding darkness, had much grandeur of effect, not only dazzling by its sudden brightness, but exhibiting, as it were, in proud defiance, the strength of the broadside, which was thus ready to salute a foe. The vessels now hailed

each other, and lo! proved to be both English! The supposed enemy was the *Erina*, Admiral Lord Fitz Ullin, returning from Gibraltar. All hopes of fighting thus at an end, both men and officers were, to use their own expression, 'confoundedly disappointed.'

In truth, we must pronounce "First Love" to be something like its title—"of a mingled yarn;" and the reader will find that its course, like true love, "never doth run smooth;" so frequent are the fits and starts and episodes with which the whole is blended.

The Private Devotions of Lancelot Andrews, Bishop of Winchester. Translated from the Greek and Latin. By the Rev. Peter Hall, B.A. London, 1830. Pickering.

To the very praiseworthy labours of Mr. Hall, we are indebted for a most valuable little manual. The Private Devotions of Bishop Andrews, in Greek and Latin, have been ever held in high esteem by the most celebrated divines of this country. They have, however, been hitherto inaccessible to the general reader, for the few translations which have from time to time been made of them, are very imperfect, and are, moreover, to the best of our belief, very scarce. These out-pourings of a most pious mind, are now set before us in our own vernacular tongue, so that the English reader may study them with the best spiritual advantage. They will be found to be most excellent helps to devotion.

Chronicles of a School-Room. By Mrs. S. C. Hall. 12^m. London, 1830. Westley & Davis.

It is particularly gratifying to see a woman, in the possession of talents fitted to delight and amuse the most educated, forgetting the feelings of ambition, and directing her attention to the instruction and improvement of youth;—and surely no person in the world can be more entitled to our gratitude, than she who endeavours to establish in the minds of young females those principles of virtue, which are at once the ornament of their sex, and the happiness of our own. This is the object of the little volume before us; and all who have read the sweet story of "Lilly O'Brien," in the "Sketches of Irish Character" by the same clever authoress, will be satisfied how well qualified she is for success.

This little book is dedicated to Mrs. Hofland, "even less," says its dedication, "from friendship, than from a sense of duty and gratitude." We like this, for the name of Mrs. Hofland is especially dear to us, connected as it is with the recollection of the boyish tears and sympathies so often awakened in our young bosoms by her beautiful, simple and pathetic story of "The Son of a Genius." Mrs. Hall seems to possess an abundant share of happiness, and to delight in "nods and becks and wreathed smiles," but she also has the command over our tears, and as she fosters the delicate feelings of the heart in the most winning manner, contrives to blend instruction with amusement, and to instil firm principles with both.

Greek Exercises; or, Introduction to Greek Composition. By the Rev. F. E. J. Valpy, M.A. London, 1830. Longman & Co.

To the numerous facilities now afforded the Greek student of advancing in the study of that beautiful language, Mr. Valpy has added another in the publication of this most valuable book of Greek Exercises. These exercises are so "constructed, as to lead the pupil from the elements of grammar to the higher parts of syntax." The work affords an easier access to the beauties of Greek composition than has been yet provided by any of a similar kind; though we confess that the directions are so interspersed among the exercises, as to cause a confusion which might have been obviated by their being put at the

foot of the page. The arrangement of this little work is, as far as we know, quite new, and certainly calculated greatly to mitigate the difficulties of elementary acquisition. At the end of the volume are a few specimens of Greek dialects, with translations, to which are subjoined the critical canons of Dawes and Porson.

Anecdotal Reminiscences of distinguished Literary and Political Characters. By Leigh Cliffe, Esq. London, 1830. R. & S. Bielefeld.

IN the intervals of the late showers, this little volume has no doubt beguiled the tedium of waiting for more favourable weather for out-door amusements. In such moments and in short journeys, a selection of this nature is a pleasant companion, and as such, this is worthy of commendation.

Pietas Quotidiana: or, Prayers and Meditations for every Day in the Week. 32^{mo}. London, 1830. Peacock.

A very judicious selection of prayers and occasional meditations. There are two beautiful prayers by Jeremy Taylor, which cause us to regret that more of his were not added to the collection.

FOREIGN CRITICISM.

[Persuaded that authors and readers equally must feel interested in knowing the opinions of foreigners competent to form a judgment on the productions of our own press, we publish the following critique from the pen of a writer of eminence among German historians.]

Views of a German writer on English Historians.

HUME wrote his history in the spirit which characterized philosophy in the eighteenth century. It is true, he was not influenced by this spirit in so great a degree as was Voltaire; yet everything that bore the impress of religious enthusiasm appeared to him in a contemptible light. *** Hume, on every occasion of dissension between the monarch and the national representatives, pronounces in favour of the former, because, to a certain extent, he despised whatever possessed a popular stamp in the principles of the opposition. But the political interests of former factions have survived the fanaticism by which they were darkened; and within no distant period Hume and his school must give way to the re-action of opinions, in proportion as those opinions speak bolder language, and remove the veil from error. Lingard's history is a refutation of Hume, so far as Ireland and the Papists are concerned; and Godwin's annals of the Commonwealth appear to be the skirmish of a party, which breaks no lance with any one act of the long parliament. But the new page of history before us introduces, in the person of Mr. Hallam, a writer who advocates opinions of a less inflexible cast, has acquired fame by his earlier work on the "Middle Ages," and shows a determination to vindicate the constitution of England against the fallacious judgments and false interpretations, which Hume and his continuators have frequently put upon it. The leading idea, which actuates Hallam in this respect, and stands prominently forward, throughout the purely civil and political portion of his volumes, is, that the great principles of British liberty were at no time wholly buried in oblivion,—not even during the reigns of those sovereigns who evinced the most jealous vigilance in upholding their prerogative. Hume had maintained the reverse; and if we are to believe his representations, the sway of Elizabeth was scarcely less despotic than that of a Turkish Sultan. Hallam endeavours to refute this assertion. He carefully musters every public proceeding and documentary proof wherein a scintillation of freedom can be detected; and he shows that at every period, whether the introduction of a new tax, or the sanction of a new

enactment, was in question, the necessity of parliamentary intervention was acknowledged.

The pertinacity with which he upholds his theory, at times pushes the author beyond reasonable bounds; he sometimes draws important conclusions from trivial occurrences; and it is possible that,—his critical eye being dazzled by the unreal similarity which prevails between the present and the past,—he may here and there have mistaken the real character of events. Be this as it may, it cannot be disputed, that the liberties, of which Hallam is the zealous advocate, derived their origin from the customs and inheritance of a preceding age. In this respect, therefore, we must refer to the author's former publication for the first chapters of a Constitutional History of England; for the present work opens with the times of Henry the Seventh—an opening, against which a spirit of rigid criticism would enter its protest, though we are not unwilling to confess, that the annals of modern Europe commence with the reign of that monarch in England, of Lewis the Eleventh in France, Ferdinand the Catholic in Spain, and Maximilian in Germany: all these reigns forming, as it were, the prologue to the important drama which was enacted during the sixteenth century. ***

We regret the absence of method and harmony by which this work is in some respects disarranged; and, as a confused view of things is the usual cause of want of perspicuity in expression, it is frequently necessary for the reader himself to correct the text as he proceeds. The author, for instance, employs the words *constitutional*, *legal*, and the like, from the first to the last page of his history, without ever supplying an equivalent where they cease to be synonymous, or caring to use them with reference to the period of which he is treating. He refers to the arbitrary acts of the Seventh and Eighth Henries, of Mary, and Elizabeth, as if they had been unconstitutional proceedings; and in characterizing the conduct of the parliaments and ministers of their reigns, he speaks of independence, servility, and misuse of power, precisely in the same sense in which he employs them under the subsequent reigns of William, Anne, and George the Second.

Before we conclude, we cannot avoid pointing out a fault, peculiar to this writer, which would be deemed an unpardonable error in the instance of a French or German historian. Hallam's work is rather a dissertation, than an historical narrative. This species of writing, however, is a favourite with the English public; for that portion of it, who take an interest in this class of delineations, conceive themselves sufficiently well acquainted in the abstract with the events out of which they are drawn. A regard for want of information on the reader's part, has probably induced Hallam to apologize in his preface, for doing violence to the special title of his work, and presenting a summary view of the political and military occurrences, which were contemporaneous with the progress of the constitution. Now, in France or Germany, an apology would have been exacted from any writer who should have ventured to sever the history of the constitution from the succession of distinct events, which, to a certain extent, form its landmarks at every step. For, if the constitution be the page, in which each preceding generation has engraven the record of its conquests and progress, there is no one occurrence in the annals of a state which is not intimately allied with the series of thoughts and deeds, whereof that constitution is the offspring. Yet all these defects, many of which would seem to require mention at the hands of none but a foreign reviewer, are more than atoned for by one splendid recommendation:—the author evinces that rare strength of mind which enables him to steer not merely a neutral, but an im-

partial, course, amidst those discordant opinions and prejudices which divide his native country into parties. If we turn to Hume, we perceive clearly that his scepticism, as a philosopher, has seriously prejudiced his appreciation of historical inference; if we turn to Lingard, it is impossible to consider his attempt at history any thing more than a cunningly-devised apology for his party.

SHIPWRECK OF THE BLINDENHALL ON THE INACCESSIBLE ISLAND.

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

SIR,—A paragraph which recently appeared in a Morning Paper, referring to the loss of the Blindenhall on the Inaccessible Island, has recalled to my mind some particulars which I received of that shipwreck a few years ago, from one of the survivors. He was a passenger, whom, with his wife and child, I had the satisfaction of receiving under my roof in 1822, on their reaching Bombay after their disaster. The correctness of his statement, in all its particulars, I see no reason to doubt. The person who made it had it in contemplation to publish a circumstantial journal of the wreck and subsequent adventures; but whether he ever accomplished his design I do not know: I embarked for Europe, and the individual proceeded to join his regiment, and died soon after. Thinking it probable that an authentic account of the calamity may be acceptable to your readers, I here send you what I recollect of my guest's story, which I have thought it expedient, moreover, to preface with a few particulars from my own knowledge of the island Tristan da Cunha, which, after three months' detention on the Inaccessible Island, the shipwrecked party contrived to reach in safety. I shall only remark further, that the very location of these islands, in the midst of an immense unfathomable ocean, rearing their grisly crags as lowering seamarks, which

"Ruins seem of ancient pile,"

between the great continents of Africa and America, exposed to all the fury of storms and tempests, more than two thousand miles from either shore,—affects the mind with a chain of ideas at once awful and cheerless.

After fortune and victory had finally abandoned Napoleon on the field of Waterloo, and it had been determined by the belligerent powers that the fortress of St. Helena should be the life prison of the fallen Emperor, the British government deemed it a measure of prudence to occupy Tristan da Cunha, situated about twenty degrees south of St. Helena, and which, in the event of any plot for a rescue, it was apprehended might have afforded a secure rendezvous, and offered considerable facilities for combined and ulterior arrangements. In pursuance of that determination, a company of artillery was stationed on Tristan da Cunha; a temporary framed barrack was erected, a fort constructed, provisions were laid up, a few milch cows and calves were landed, and the British flag waved over the melancholy waste!

At that time Tristan da Cunha was almost as destitute of vegetation as it was wild and dismal. It was a mere rough rocky shore, partially spotted over with moss, sedge, and reeds, surmounted by a precipitous ridge, so lofty that its summit reached the clouds: it appeared to be the wreck of antediluvian mountains, now buried in the abyss. After a few years, however, and when death summoned the mighty captive to "a narrower prison-house," the garrison of St. Helena was removed; Tristan da Cunha also, to the joy of the soldiers there stationed, was ordered to be evacuated. On that occasion, a private of the name of Glass solicited and obtained permission to remain in the island. The fort was dismantled, and Glass was left sole monarch of the isle,—his

wife his only subject! Half a dozen muskets and ammunition, the barrack, cows, fowls, some ration pork and flour, fishing-tackle, a good boat, and about an acre of ground under wheat and potatoes, constituted his regal wealth and territorial appendages.

About thirty-five miles from Tristan da Cunha stands, on a base of solid rock, the Inaccessible Island; and at a distance beyond the reach of vision lie the island of Diego Alvarez, or Gonçalo Alvaro, and Gough's Island. These several islands are probably the shattered remains of strata at one time continuous: they may have been the loftiest points of some vast land stretching over a space of many degrees in this part of the South Atlantic, and which, by some grand convulsions of nature, in remote ages, have been engulfed in this almost interminable ocean. The steep and broken sides of mountains—the frightful chasms—the almost obliterated bed (still traceable) of some primitive river now no more, —the broken relics of ancient table lands,—all visible in the Inaccessible Island,—offer most unquestionable proof that tremendous convulsions and prodigious agents of destruction have been here in operation. To such phenomena the ruined state of the island may be imputed, without adopting the theoretic opinions of either Neptunian or Plutonic geologists, in assuming them to be of aqueous solution or volcanic origin. We have not understood that positive marks of volcanic agency have been noticed,—no crystallizations, no scoria, lava, or ferruginous sand, no sulphureous springs, had been found, although towards the south side of the base, a vitreous stone has been discovered. It should be remembered, moreover, that islands of volcanic origin, though they remain barren for a long time, yet, after decomposition, become extremely fruitful, and are generally covered with the most luxuriant vegetation.

In 1820-1, the *Blindenhall*, free trader, bound for Bombay, partly laden with broadcloths, was prosecuting her voyage, and being driven, by adverse winds and currents, more to the westward and southward than her course required, it became desirable to make Tristan da Cunha, in order to ascertain and rectify the reckoning. It was while steering to effect this purpose, that one morning a passenger, who chanced to be on deck earlier than usual, observed great quantities of sea-weed occasionally floating alongside. This excited some alarm, and a man was immediately sent aloft to keep a good look-out. The weather was then extremely hazy, though moderate; the weeds continued—all were on the alert; they shortened sail, and the boatswain piped for breakfast. In less than ten minutes, "Breakers ahead!" startled every soul, and in a moment all were on deck. "Breakers starboard!—breakers larboard!—breakers all around!" was the ominous cry a moment afterwards, and all was confusion. The words were scarce uttered, when—and before the helm was up—the ill-fated ship struck, and, after a few tremendous shocks against the sunken reef, she parted about midship. Ropes and stays were cut away—all rushed forward, as if instinctively, and had barely reached the forecastle, when the stern and quarter broke asunder with a violent crash, and sunk to rise no more. Two of the seamen miserably perished; the rest, including officers, passengers, and crew, held on about the head and bows;—the struggle was for life!

At this moment the Inaccessible Island, which till then had been veiled in clouds and thick mist, appearedrowning above the haze. The wreck was more than two miles from the frightful shore. The base of the island was still buried in impenetrable gloom. In this perilous extremity one was for cutting away the anchor, which had been got up to the cat-head in case of need; another was for cutting down the foremast, (the foretopmast being already by the board). The

fog totally disappeared, and the black rocky island stood in all its rugged deformity before their eyes! Suddenly the sun broke out in full splendour, as if to expose more clearly to the view of the sufferers their dreadful predicament. Despair was in every bosom; death, arrayed in all its terrors, seemed to hover over the wreck. The stoutest heart might have been paralyzed by the appalling horror of such a situation. But exertion was required, and Providence inspired unshod—for fortitude;—everything that human energy could devise was effected; and the wreck on which all eagerly clung, was miraculously drifted by the tide and wind, between ledges of sunken rocks and thundering breakers, until after the lapse of six hours, it entered the *only spot* on the island where a landing was possibly practicable, for all the other parts of the coast consisted of perpendicular cliffs of granite rising from amidst deafening surf, to the height of twenty, forty, and sixty feet. As the shore was neared, a raft was prepared, and on this a few paddled for the cove;—at last the wreck drove right in; ropes were instantly thrown out; and the crew and passengers, (except two who had been crushed in the wreck,) including three ladies and female attendant, were providentially snatched from the watery grave, which, a few short hours before had appeared inevitable,—and safely landed on the beach. Evening had now set in, and every effort was made to secure whatever could be saved from the wreck: bales of cloth, cases of wine, a few boxes of cheese, some hams, the carcass of the milk cow that had been washed on shore, buckets, tubs, butts, a seaman's chest (containing a tinder-box, and needles and thread), with a great number of elegant mahogany turned bed-posts, part of an investment for the India market, were got on shore. The rain poured down in torrents, all hands were busily at work to procure a shelter from the weather, and with the bed-posts and broadcloths, and part of the foresail, as many tents were soon pitched as there were individuals in the island.

Drenched with the sea and with the rain,—hungry, cold and comfortless, thousands of miles from their native land, almost beyond expectation of human succour, hope nearly annihilated, our shipwrecked countrymen retired to their tents, some devoutly to prostrate themselves in humble thankfulness before that merciful Being who had so wonderfully delivered them from impending destruction, others to rest after the dreadful anxiety and fatigue by which they were exhausted, and some to drown their cares in wine. In the morning the wreck had gone to pieces; and planks and spars and whatever had floated in, were eagerly dragged on shore. No sooner was the unfortunate ship broken up, than, deeming themselves freed from the bonds of authority, many began to secure whatever came to land; and the captain, officers, passengers and crew, were now reduced to the same level, and obliged to take their turn to fetch water, and explore the island for food. The work of exploring was soon over: there was not a bird, nor a quadruped, nor a single tree to be seen! All was barren and desolate. The low parts were scattered over with stones and sand, and a few stunted weeds, reeds, fern and other plants. The top of the mountain was found to consist of a fragment of original table-land, very marshy, and full of deep sloughs, intersected with small rills of water, pure and pellucid as crystal, and a profusion of wild parsley and celery. The prospect was one dreary scene of destitution, without a single ray of hope to relieve the misery of the desponding crew. Horror stared them in the face, and despondency chilled the stoutest breast. After some days, the dead cow, hams and cheese were consumed, and from one end of the Island to the other, not a morsel of food could be seen. Even the

celery began to fail. A few bottles of wine, which, for security, had been secreted under ground, only remained. Among the passengers were Lieutenant Pepper of the *Bombay Marine*, his wife and sister,—Quarter-master Gormly, of one of His Majesty's regiments at *Bombay*, his wife and child,—a female servant of colour,—and several cadets. Famine now began to threaten;—every stone near the sea was examined for shell-fish, but in vain. In this extremity, as the Quarter-master's wife was sitting at her tent door, with the child crying at the breast, faint and exhausted,—a group of half-starved seamen passed by, when one of them turning round, exclaimed "by — that will make a drop of broth, if nothing else turns up!" The observation spoke daggers to the poor creature; but just then her husband, who had been in search of food, coming in, her fears in some degree subsided. On the return of night, as the poor hungry wretches were squatting in silent dejection round their fires, on a sudden hundreds of birds from seaward came actually flying through the flames; many fell dead, scorched or suffocated, and thus were the sufferers again rescued for a time from the horrors which so imminently beset them. For several nights in succession, similar flocks came in, and by multiplying their fires, a considerable supply was secured.

These visits however ceased at length, and the wretched party were again exposed to the most severe privation. When their stock of wild fowl had been exhausted for more than two days, each began to fear they were now approaching that sad point of necessity, when between death and casting lots who should be sacrificed to serve for food for the rest, no alternative remains. While horror at the bare contemplation of an extremity so repulsive occupied the thoughts of all, the horizon was observed, by some who were looking anxiously towards the sea for the appearance of some prospects of relief, to be suddenly obscured, and presently clouds of penguins lighted actually on the island. The low grounds were actually covered; and before the evening was dark, the sand could not be seen for the numbers of eggs, which like a sheet of snow, lay on the surface of the earth! The penguins continued on the island four or five days, when, as if by signal, the whole took their flight, and were never seen again. A few were killed, but the flesh was so extremely rank and nauseous, that it could not be eaten. The eggs were collected, and dressed in all manner of ways, and supplied abundance of food for upwards of three weeks. At the expiration of that period, famine once more seemed inevitable: the third morning began to dawn upon the unfortunate company, after their stock of eggs was exhausted; they had now been without food for more than forty hours, and were fainting and dejected,—when, as though this desolate rock were really a land of miracle, a man came running up to the encampment, with the unexpected and joyful tidings, that "millions of sea-cows had come on shore!" The crew climbed over the ledge of rocks which flanked their tents, and the sight of a shoal of manatees immediately beneath them gladdened their hearts. These came in with the flood, and were left in the puddles between the broken rocks of the cove. This supply continued for two or three weeks. The flesh was mere blubber and quite unfit for food, for not a man could retain it on his stomach, but the liver was excellent, and on this they subsisted. In the meantime, the carpenter with his gang had constructed a boat, and four of the men had ventured in her for *Tristan da Cunha*, in hopes of ultimately extricating their fellow sufferers from their perilous situation. Unfortunately the boat was lost—whether carried away by the violence of the currents that set in between the islands, or dashed to pieces against the breakers, was never known,

for no vestige of the boat or the crew was ever seen. Before the manatees, however, began to quit the shore, a second boat was launched; and in this, an officer and some seamen made a second attempt, and happily succeeded in effecting their landing, after much labour, on the island of Governor Glass. He received them most cordially, and with humanity, which neither time, nor place, nor total seclusion from the world had enfeebled or impaired; he instantly launched his boat, and, unawed by considerations of personal danger, hastened, at the risk of his life, to deliver his shipwrecked countrymen from the calamities they had so long endured. He made repeated trips, surmounted all difficulties, and fortunately succeeded in safely landing them on his own island, after they had been exposed for nearly three months to the horrors of a situation almost unparalleled in the recorded sufferings of seafaring men. During this period, one vessel, very distant, had passed by; but to their great disappointment, kept on her course without observing their signals of distress. We will now leave them on Tristan da Cunha, under the care of their kind-hearted deliverer;—their adventures, until relieved and taken to the Cape, may form the subject of a second notice.

J.

THE MISSIONS OF CALIFORNIA.

[A copy of Kotzebue's last Voyage round the World, which has just left the German press, having been placed at our disposal, we feel that we cannot render a more gratifying service to our readers than by extracting from it some passages of equal novelty and interest.]

CALIFORNIA, having been first discovered by Cortez in 1534, was visited three years afterwards by Francisco de Ulloa, upon whose report the government of Spain determined to reverse the plan they had pursued with respect to Peru and Mexico, by taking peaceful possession of the peninsula, and converting the natives to Christianity. A party of Jesuits were landed, and pushed the task of conversion with effect. Next followed a tribe of Dominicans, and to these succeeded the disciples of St. Francis. The first-mentioned retain their establishments or missions in Old, and the latter in New California, to this day. The original object of their emigration is pursued with unabated ardour; and we shall soon see upon what principles.

The first missions were founded upon the coast, for the purpose of keeping up a convenient communication by sea with Mexico, and such sites were selected as appeared best adapted to agricultural pursuits. On the other hand, the military who accompanied the holy fathers, fixed upon certain stations, whence they could observe several missions at one and the same time, and be readily within call, whenever the monks required their aid, either for their defence or in the business of conversion. These posts are in this country termed "Presidios."

So effectually was the arm of ecclesiastical power seconded by the zeal of a military executive, that successive missions promptly formed themselves out of the new race of converts. It was in New California, that the first mission (J. Diego) was set on foot; this occurred in 1769, and at the present moment there are no less than one and twenty similar settlements, to which twenty-five thousand Catholic Indians are attached. The whole force employed to retain this mass within the pale of obedience, to prevent the escape of the refractory, to bring back such as slip through their hands from the bosom of large aboriginal tribes, and to push proselytism at the point of the sword, does not exceed five hundred dragoons.

Nothing can be more lamentable than the fate of what are here called the "Christian Indians;" the negro-slave himself is not more cruelly dealt with. They are completely in the

power of a set of domineering monks; amidst their severest pains and sorrows, they are even deprived of all reliance on the mercy of heaven, for in the hour of trial, their ghostly masters act the part of heaven's door-keepers, and refuse admission to every soul on whom they may think fit to vent their wrath. The possession of property is altogether denied to them; so that the whole life of these hapless beings is passed in prayer, and in labour for the monks: they are driven to church thrice in the four and twenty hours, for the purpose of attending mass; the remainder of the day is spent in the labours of husbandry, for which they are provided with the rudest implements, and in the evening they are pent within crowded barracks, destitute of roofs, windows, or couches, where there is scarcely sufficient space to rest their wearied limbs;—in truth, those tenements resemble stalls for cattle rather than abiding-places for human beings. Their only clothing is a shirt of coarse woollen, which is the produce of their own industry, and *liberally* presented to them by the mission. Such is the happiness which religion provides for the poor Indian!—such the enjoyments which await him within the pale of the mission! He who ventures to turn his back upon this earthly paradise, with a view to regain the state of independence which was once his lot, is doomed to expiate his offence in irons, should he be captured.

On my arrival at the mission of Santa Clara, the monks received me with open arms, and did their best to render our abode amongst them agreeable. This settlement dates from the year 1777, and lies upon a little stream of the clearest water, which irrigates a spacious plain of exuberant fertility. The buildings are shaded by clustering oaks and surrounded by gardens, which, though carelessly tended, yield an abundance of vegetables, fruits of every description, and the finest of grapes. These buildings are similar to those of other missions—consisting of a large stone church, a capacious habitation for the monks, large warehouses for storing grain and utensils, and the barracks or "rancherios" for the Indians, to which I have already alluded. The latter are composed of long ranges of low, narrow dwellings, or rather stalls, with separate partitions for each family, which are scarcely roomy enough to admit of their lying down. We were also surprised at the sight of a large quadrangle, inclosed with houses, destitute of external windows, and furnished with no other aperture than a small door, which was kept carefully shut: in fact, it looked for all the world like some state-prison. The monks use this edifice, in their character of guardians of female purity, for the purpose of keeping all young and unmarried Indians of the fair sex under their immediate eye, and employing them upon spinning, weaving, and similar pursuits. Their prisons are thrown open only at those times when the bell rings for church, which is twice or thrice in the course of the day. I was repeatedly witness to this scene: the wicket was opened,—the poor girls, panting to breathe the open air, rushed out as if they had been "possessed," were driven to church by a ragged Spaniard, with a stick in his hand, like so many sheep; and when the mass was over, were instantly hurried back to their den. This is the degree of paternal protection conferred by our monks upon the maiden state; and yet, when I inquired what was the object of the iron bars lashed to the feet of some of these ill-featured damsels, I was told, that they were a punishment imposed in consequence of their having eluded the vigilance of their warders. When the inmate of this nunnery enters the wedded state, she is allowed to herd "with her own" in the common barrack.

A bell calls the Indians to their meals three times a day; at these, a number of large pans

are set before them, and a certain portion of the contents is distributed to each family. Meat is very rarely given to them; the usual food is a porridge, made of flour, maize, peas, and beans, boiled in water, which is a species of aliment by no means of the most wholesome description. The mission of St. Clara possesses fifteen hundred male Indians, of whom about one half are married: they are governed by three monks, and guarded by four soldiers and an inferior officer. In an intellectual and moral point of view, the character of this uninformed race has been unnaturally debased by the conduct of their Christian teachers. I had subsequent opportunities of becoming acquainted with free Indians, who were far more intelligent, and stood many degrees higher in the scale of human beings, than their brethren, despite the cure of the "*gente rationale*," as the Spaniards of this region style themselves.

The Aboriginal Indians of California.

There are several distinct races of Indians in California, but their language differs so widely, that in many cases it does not exhibit one single feature of similarity; for instance, in the mission of St. Clara alone, more than twenty different tongues are spoken; whilst dirtiness, stupidity, ugliness, and utter loathsomeness are the common characteristic of the whole community. They are of middling stature, slender form, and black complexions: their face is flat, their lips large and curled, and their hair coarse and thick. Whatever mental powers they may possess, lie in a supremely dormant state; nor is La Perouse guilty of excessive exaggeration, when he asserts that "any one of their race, who should be able to comprehend that twice four make eight, would be deemed a very Descartes or Newton among his fellow-countrymen. Such a stretch of the reasoning faculty as this, is beyond the reach of the majority."

The whole of these Indians, when in their native state, lead a wandering life. The chase is their only occupation, as well as their only means of subsistence: hence the whole extent of their attainments is limited to the use of the bow, under which many a Spaniard has fallen. They make their way through forests and over hills, naked, in pursuit of game. When they sojourn for a time on a spot, they construct a miserable cabin of branches of trees, and to which they set fire on quitting.

From Santa Clara, half an hour's walk brought us to Pueblo,—a word, which here implies a village inhabited by married Indians and soldiers (who have been discharged from the "presidios"), together with their progeny. There are numbers of such villages, the population of which is greatly on the increase, whilst, on the contrary, that of the missions, where a frightful mortality frequently carries off one-third of the whole mass, is sensibly on the decline.

FROM APELLES TO CAMPASPE.

SONNET II.

I BADE thee fix thy features, that my art
Might the more faithfully depict them here;
And yet I see thy restless eyeballs start,
And dim their beauty with a struggling tear!
Or is't upon *my* trembling vision plays
The moonlight softness of thy glances pale—
As the fond ocean, which the moonlight sways,
Ripples for love, and not the passing gale;
Breaking the *one* dear image of that love
Into a thousand fanciful reflections—
Not showing it so bright as, far above,
It smiles upon its mirror's imperfections?
If it be thou, or I, that change thee so,
Love is our cause, and that is sweet to know!

W.

M. SISMONDI ON

THE ALGERINE EXPEDITION.

The prosecution of the late war between Turkey and Russia, caused the press to teem with accounts of the sublime Porte, Sultan Mahmoud, the Janissaries, the Scraglio, &c., and every one was anxious to contribute his mite to the general stock of gossip-knowledge;—the same eagerness has now found a different theme in the projected attack on Algiers by the French armament, and we are nearly overwhelmed with notices of the Algerines. This is not without its share of good. The frequently shifting the pivot of public curiosity, brings the field of knowledge to be more extensively trodden; and, not to be behindhand with our contemporaries, we embrace the present opportunity of laying before our readers the observations of the French themselves on the present subject of excitement.

M. de Sismondi, in a memoir inserted in the last No. of the "Revue Encyclopédique," says, "We firmly believe, and we are desirous of proving, that the war with Algiers abstractedly considered, prosecuted at the proper moment, and pushed to the completion of such ends as ought to be attained, is a just war, honourable and beneficial to France; and that, of all conquests which she could desire, none would be more advantageous to her than that of the neighbouring coast of Barbary."

We have, in our last number, adverted to the mode of government of the Algerines. Of their good faith as a people, M. de Sismondi states— "At the height of their power, when their navy was fit to encounter with that of any European state, the Algerines carried on an indiscriminate piracy against all the Christian nations; but by the natural consequence of their mode of life and their crimes, they have been in a gradual state of decline, and their present navy does not consist of more than twelve or fifteen vessels, mounting altogether about two hundred guns. Hence, they have consented to enter into treaties, and respect such powers as they may stand in some awe of, from the annual presents demanded of them; but they make no treaty with such as they do not fear—at least they, without provocation or offence, declare war against the Pope, the smaller states of Italy, the Hanseatic towns, &c.: not that they have to complain of any wrong on the part of these states, but merely because their treasury is empty and wants replenishing.

Their declaration of war is simply, 'We want your wealth to divide amongst us, your persons to wait on us as our slaves.' They have thus rendered any war that may be made upon them legitimate, upon its declaration. The country designated by the title of the Kingdom of Algiers, extends from Morocco to Tunis; from the Mediterranean to the Great Desert. It is inhabited by numerous independent tribes, who, though defending themselves in the best way they are able, are annually pillaged by the Algerines—the only law known being that of taking all that can be got. The farther distant plains, are cultivated by the people of Barbary and the Moors, who only show themselves during the working season, taking shelter in the deserts or mountains as soon as they have gathered in their harvests, one portion of which they take with them, the other they conceal in the earth. * * * In this war of plunder, which is yearly renewed, in this struggle between spoliation and barbarism, man has suffered more in his moral nature than in his industry. The vilest of governments has produced fruits worthy of itself. The ruling soldiery, although the very scum of the Turkish nation, is yet the least despicable portion of the population of Algiers. With all its vices and ferocity, it has preserved its discipline and valour,

and power has given it some degree of dignity of manner; but the nations in subjection to it have fearfully degenerated. The Kouloglis (offspring of the Turks) amounting in number, according to Renaudot, to 150,000, and whom the policy of their fathers excludes from the army, and from any share in power—these have given themselves up to every vice, and to the most effeminate weakness. The Moors, the natives of Barbary, and the Morescos of Spain, disarmed by their oppressors, and constantly trembling before them, have preserved nothing of the courage of their ancestors. Those who live in the towns have fallen into intemperance and slavery; those who till the soil, and who on the approach of the Turks flee into the mountains and the deserts, have sunk into the lowest degree of savage life. Lastly, the Jews, repelled, despised by all other classes of the population, placed in the social scale below the slaves, and not allowed even to drink at the fountains until the last of the slaves shall have quenched his thirst, are overwhelmed by insult and injustice, more than they were even in the middle ages under the intolerance of Europe."

M. Sismondi proceeds to draw a fanciful sketch of the honours to be gathered by France, from the conquest of this "scandal to social order;" and also to show forth the benefits which are to follow such honours:—"The kingdom of Algiers will not only be a conquest; it will become a colony—a new country, over which may spread the surplus of the population, and the activity of the French nation."

Leaving the political reasonings of M. de Sismondi, we cannot but give the most picturesque portion of his sketch, for the amusement of our readers. "Africa has especial need of the services of men, whose thoughts are directed to the benefits of industrious exertion, and who can secure its application. She will give a preference to such as know how to create new resources, and to improve the old ones, to such as can accommodate themselves to a connexion with a people in a state of barbarism, and communicate the first elements of civilization—who can give and secure the administration of public order; in fine, those who will bring with them the arts, trade, and industry necessary for the development and progress of science, and the advancement of civilization:—the wherein and the wherewith to work, will be found in the country. If the French arrive as friends, protectors, and liberators, aiding the Moors, and not oppressing them; if they give to them security—equality in the eye of the law—a respect for the life and happiness of all bearing the human form—they will find these people, in return, the same industrious labourers, patient, intelligent, and active, who covered the lands of Grenada and Valencia with the wonders of Moorish agriculture;—they will find in the Jews (of whom there are more than 50,000 in the kingdom), that aptitude for commerce, that quickness of calculation, that knowledge of the markets of Africa, that will make them clever agents—quick in commercial enterprise—active hawkers and retailers—and patient, steady, and unwearied travellers, for communication with the barbarous tribes of the Desert, or the oppressed people of Morocco and Tunis."

A long tirade against the presumed interference of England, is not the least amusing portion of the writer's Memoir: he is very desirous of proving that England has neither the right, the power, nor the interest to interfere. As politics do not form a department of our Journal, we shall not enter into contention with M. de Sismondi. Of the whole of his Memoir, we may, however, remark, that it is so truly French, that we doubt not of its producing a great sensation in a land where "les intérêts de l'humanité" are only second to "les intérêts de la patrie."

PRODUCTION OF MUSICAL SOUNDS.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Conversazione, Friday, May 21.

The subject of this evening's lecture comprised the invention and subsequent improvements of the method of arranging metallic springs, as a new principle for producing a continued musical sound.

Our readers will remember that, about three years ago, the little instrument called the Eolina first appeared in England. The simplicity of this contrivance, and the pleasing effect of the successive chords, created at once a surprise that such an arrangement had not suggested itself long before, and a desire to extend, if possible, the new principle to an instrument of greater variety and powers.

Mr. Faraday, whose great ability was not less conspicuous in this evening's discourse than in the many other illustrations for which the members are indebted to his indefatigable zeal in the promulgation of scientific discoveries, briefly stated the general principle of musical sound, more with a view of explaining certain peculiarities attending the contrivances he was about to describe, than of entering deeply into a subject that had already occupied the attention of his auditors on more than one evening.† It was sufficient for him to state that musical sound is produced by a rapid succession of impulses given to the air, and that on the velocity, uniformity of intensity, and more or less perfect isochronism of these impulses, depend the acuteness, sweetness, and other qualities by which such sounds are rendered more or less agreeable to the ear.

If an oblong hole or slit be made in a metal plate, and if a slight steel spring, nearly fitting the aperture, be firmly fixed at one end of it, a current of air blowing on the plate will cause the spring to vibrate, producing a musical sound, in quality not unlike a hautboy. The acuteness or gravity of the tone depends, as may be expected, on the greater or less strength of the spring—the intensity, or power, on its dimensions. The same observation applies to a bell, which may be made to yield any sound within the compass of musical intonation, whatever may be its size; but if a small bell be made to give a very low sound, it must be so thin that the weakness of its tone will render it completely unfit for any useful purpose. The attempts that were first made with these springs, extended to little more than placing three or more of them together, so tuned that, being blown by the mouth, a chord was heard.

These instruments were imported from the continent, and as they were improved, more notes were added, and a succession of chords thus produced a pleasing effect not to be attained on any instrument except the organ. Still, however, these contrivances did not possess the character of a musical instrument, for they could not be made to produce either harmony or melody at the will of the player; until that could be effected, they remained mere toys, and not at all calculated to afford any source of permanent amusement. The next arrangement was to place the springs along the sides of a tube, so disposed that, valves being opened by the fingers, as in covering the holes, or rather opening the keys of a flute, the notes were made to speak when air was blown in at the mouth-piece. But here the instrument differed from any other wind-instrument, inasmuch as a variety of notes were heard together when required. Another mechanician placed the springs on a small box, to the sides of which the fingers were applied, and thus produced an arrangement similar in principle and more convenient than the former. It was, however, evidently desirable to connect this particular principle with the mechanism

† See *Athenæum*, No. 124.

of an organ or piano-forte; and the small size of the instrument, if it could be thus constructed, was an additional inducement to the artists who laboured for its improvement. The only keyed instrument capable of a sustained sound was the organ,[†] and an organ, to possess all the requisites for a moderate sized room, is a very cumbersome piece of furniture; the pipes for the lower tones must be of great size, and without such notes the effect of the instrument is greatly injured. Now it was found that the steel springs might be made to yield any tone within the compass of a keyed instrument, while that for the lowest note was not more than four inches in length, and one in breadth; so that the mechanism would occupy less space than the smallest cabinet piano-forte.

Some difficulties attended the accomplishment of this design; for the springs, under certain circumstances, were bent by the mere vibration beyond the elastic strength of the metal of which they were composed: the consequence was, a gradual disintegration of the metal, and an alteration of tone, which increased until at length the springs were actually broken off by use. Another formidable difficulty arose, from the tardiness with which the vibration of the spring commenced when the air first acted on it; so that a note, when struck, did not immediately yield its sound. Means were, however, adopted that completely obviated both these defects; and in 1829, the Society of Arts presented a medal to Dr. Dowler, for an instrument constructed on this principle, with keys. The bellows were placed underneath, and the springs arranged over a continued wind-chest, furnished with a valve to each note. The springs, or as they have been called, the tongues, with the exception of the highest octave, were made of an alloy called German silver, or electrum, which is composed of a mixture of copper, zinc, and a little nickel. The springs of the remaining octave were manufactured from extremely thin sheet steel, imported into this country from Switzerland, and chiefly, if not entirely, used in the construction of lithographic pens. This instrument was tolerable of its kind, but inferior in power to one we are about to describe. Mr. Day, an ingenious mathematical instrument maker in the city, has considerably improved the manufacture of the springs. He has constructed an instrument greatly superior in power to Dr. Dowler's, and there is every reason to hope, that ultimately this new principle may be a valuable acquisition to the musical amateur; at present, however, the defects chiefly to be complained of, are want of equality and harsh readiness in the tones of all these instruments. Whether there exists any remedy for these defects, by varying the dimensions and materials of the instrument and its component parts, is a question that can only be decided by a long series of experiments; but unless a great improvement can be effected, we can venture to say the instrument will never be popular.

The question of originality is always interesting, and Mr. Faraday brought forward abundant evidence, to prove that the principle of using springs in a wind instrument is not new. A contrivance known for centuries past, and called in Europe the Chinese organ, is on this principle; and in many old organs on the continent there was formerly a stop consisting merely of springs, without any pipes attached to them. This practice is abandoned by the modern constructors, but the great organ at Haarlem still retains a stop of this description.

At the conclusion of the lecture, Mr. Faraday announced that on the next Friday, Captain Manby would describe his ingenious apparatus

for saving the lives of shipwrecked seamen, together with some recent improvement he had made conducive to the same laudable object.

The lecture-room was unusually full, and a great number of ladies adorned the gallery.

MECHANISM OF THE HUMAN VOICE.

At the sitting of the Academy of Sciences of the 10th instant, M. Cuvier made a favourable report in his own name, and those of Messieurs Provy and Savart, upon a memoir by M. Bennati, relative to the mechanism of the singing voice. M. Cuvier stated that it had long been known to physiologists that the cords of the throat contribute chiefly to the production of voice, while other organs modify the *timbre*. M. Bennati lays it down, that persons who are endowed with *falsetto*, owe it to a peculiar conformation of palate; and he has remarked, that soprano singers have larger tongues than other people, larger generally by a third.—When alluding to the mechanism of the voice, we may be permitted to express our surprise that the invaluable work of Dr. Rush of Philadelphia should be so little known in this country. It is by far the ablest treatise that has ever appeared on the subject. It is the production of a man of genius as well as of an eminent physiologist.

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE'S PORTRAITS. BRITISH INSTITUTION.

If the exhibition of Sir Thomas Lawrence's paintings be for several reasons interesting at this period,—in more than one respect, also, it is disappointing. It may be interesting, and that it is strongly so to the multitude is but too evident, to see collected in one gallery the likenesses of statesmen and warriors who played conspicuous parts at the close of the grand game at war and politics, which agitated Europe at the end of the last, and beginning of the present century; but it is mortifying, also, to those who desire to have an exalted opinion of their kind in general, to see those men who have the direction, under Providence, of the destinies of the world, appearing so totally devoid of high character as they are here represented.

Take the portraits of Prince Metternich, Lord Liverpool, and Lord Castlereagh, for instance! In two of these, a mere *petit maître* character, —it can hardly be termed even a courtier character,—predominates; in the other, we trace nothing higher than the quiet, easy disposition of the private gentleman. This may have been the fault of the subjects, and not in the painter; it may have been the fault of the times, which suffered coxcombs to bestride the narrow world; it may—but our suspicions will not quite acquit the artist, for in all the portraits of Sir Thomas Lawrence, it will be perceived, that, however they may possess a certain animation—a life, which other painters would do well to aim at attaining, his expression never goes beyond mere vitality. Depth of character, profoundness of thought, are qualities never to be detected in any work of his. He was a *Court Painter*; and the character of courtier and statesman are, or should be, widely different.

Although a Court painter, however, Sir Thomas Lawrence could be honest. Of caricaturing, we imagine, nobody would suspect him; nor can it be imagined that he would disparage other crowned heads, in order the more to exalt any one in particular; yet, could Lavater himself have invented a better illustration of the physiognomy of a drivelling idiot, than Sir Thomas presented to his illustrious patron, in the portrait of his most Christian Majesty? Francis the First of Austria seems as little destined by nature to hold sway over his fellow men, as Charles X. Yet with a remarkable display of mental poverty, there is a happy ex-

pression of *bonhomie* in the countenance of the Emperor, which we can pronounce to be faithful, and which is almost captivating.

While looking at the Emperor Alexander, our fair friends, who confess to more than thirty, must blush, we think, at the recollection of their simple forwardness—at the idea of having been led away by the enthusiasm of the moment, to make those vast efforts they were guilty of, to kiss the hand of such an imperious head. Poor General Tchernichoff! it was a hard case, surely, after having encountered, unscathed, so many French sabres, to have his arm carried clear off by a British painter. We should hardly have thought it was in Sir Thomas Lawrence to have given such a proof of bad taste as this. Canning *tonans*, to be sure, in the middle room, will countenance the amputated arm of the General with the hard name; but the arrangement of the English orator, we are persuaded, was the result of the injunction of some *dilettante* patron, and not of the choice of the artist. This opinion is confirmed by the want of keeping between the attitude and the head in the picture we allude to. The former is launching the thunderbolt; the latter is as cold and passionless, and as devoid of fire, as it could have been had Sir Thomas looked in the mirror, not to his sitter, for the subject.

It is not often that the south room at this Gallery deserves to draw off the attention from the more brilliant and popular ones which precede it; yet on this occasion it is to us decidedly the most interesting portion of the exhibition. We would not commit ourselves to the opinion that it contains the best painted pictures, yet we have the Hamlet and the Cato, worth, in our minds, all the other paintings put together; they are almost the only works we have ever seen by Sir Thomas Lawrence which give any indication of his possessing a poetical, an exalted feeling. But for these, an idea of grace and elegance was the utmost for which we should have given him credit;—but these pictures, his Hamlet especially, redeem his character, and make us regret that he should have fallen among courtiers and fine ladies. The mind of both these paintings is beautiful: in one it is contemplative, poetical, exalted, sublime; in the other it is free, simple, calm, and grand.

As a painting, the portrait of the Duke of York, also in the south room, is one of the best executed in the whole collection, and one of the few, not painted in a dark tone, which will be the most likely to endure. The portraits of the two Academicians, Soane and Wyatville, will vie with any. Of Mr. Soane's we have spoken on a former occasion—our admiration of it is not diminished; of the latter we fear not to say that it is one of the most animated portraits Sir Thomas ever executed,—it is exceedingly like, and more substantially brilliant than usual; it is not quite finished: we have heard it doubted, and probably not without reason, whether completion would have improved it.

The portrait of Miss Siddons, evidently an early one, we suppose to be the picture concerning which we have heard the following anecdote: "A young painter, of a family which has produced more than one artist of note, and to which Sir Thomas Lawrence has given many proofs of friendship, became the possessor of the portrait of Miss Siddons, having purchased it of a picture-broker. It was at the studio of this artist that the Duke of Bedford saw it, and desired to have it, requesting that interest might be made with Sir Thomas to put a finishing hand to it. The possessor accordingly, relying on the friendship of Sir Thomas Lawrence, took the painting to him, and was received with the accustomed kindness. He had no sooner, however, shown the picture, and explained the object of his visit, than Sir Thomas, who had intently contemplated it while his young friend

[†] We are aware that attempts have been made, but with very indifferent success, to produce a continued sound from a stringed instrument with keys, and the *Celestina*, by Mr. Walker, is of this description.

was addressing him, quitted the room, and no more returned—having sent to his visitor a message requesting him to leave the picture, and call some other day. He was, of course, obeyed. On the second visit Sir Thomas Lawrence explained that the portrait was that of a person deceased, who had been a very dear friend of his, that he had lost it he knew not how, and that its unexpected re-appearance had so affected him as to oblige him to leave the room. He assured the gentleman whom he was addressing, that as he was the bona fide purchaser of the picture, it could only be considered as his property; that he, Sir Thomas, would do what was necessary for completing it, and that his young friend was at liberty to dispose of it for whatever price he could obtain." Sir Thomas Lawrence in all probability touched it up; it will be observed that it is not now a finished picture, and it was sold to its present possessor.

We shall resume our observations on this collection.

NATIONAL REPOSITORY, KING'S MEWS.

[Second Notice.]

We have again had the satisfaction of visiting this establishment, and again our feelings were those of pleasure and gratification at seeing thus collected the successful efforts of the skill and industry of British manufacturers. To our fair readers we would point out the Nos. 73 and 74, specimens of Cachmere wool woven in Edinburgh, into a texture of more elegance and softness than anything of the kind produced by our continental rivals. As a drapery to the female figure, we have seen nothing that has better pleased us.

A novelty in the manufacture of Cotton is exhibited in the instance of the cotton blankets or coverlets; they are infinitely lighter and warmer than any of the quilted or tufted bed clothing in general use, and may be had with either a plain or curled surface.

Of the specimens in Cutlery we may assert that, in appearance at least, we have never seen them surpassed: we hope to find them "*made to sell*," in the honest meaning of the expression.

In large cities every one must feel an anxiety to secure himself from the fatal consequences of fire; and yet, judging from the Fire-escapes here exhibited, we still think ingenuity has been tardy in its exertion on this point. We give the preference to the machine of Mr. Welstead, as being quicker of adaptation and more simple of construction than its competitors.

In the Fine Arts, the lithographic excellence of Mr. Hulmander (262, 263.) is a promise of no trifling importance: we are thus assured of a great reduction in the expense of illustrating works on scientific subjects, by drawings and designs, whilst such illustrations will lose none of their clearness or precision in the substitution of stone for copper or steel. The frame of Messrs. Engelmann & Co. contains some beautifully soft and clear impressions.—Of the importance of metallic printing, except as a pleasing sample of ingenuity, we are not quite convinced. We have seen many instances in which the impression has lost its lustre, and from oxydation or other cause, the metallic brilliancy has been converted into an ordinary brown or black. The expense attending the process, is also a drawback.

The lover of Machinery cannot but assent to the benefit derived from an opportunity of thus bringing to public view every improvement by which time may be saved, power gained, force controlled and facility of execution ensured. The variety of purposes to which the aid of machinery is now subservient, renders it impossible to calculate the probable extent to which it may ere long be carried—in our own more immediate department, we are glad to see a spirit of improvement manifested (155): there yet re-

mains much to be accomplished. Our space does not allow of our extending our notice further than to recommend all who would peruse our labours with (*corporeal*) ease, to seat themselves on the spring cushion or recumbent chair of Mr. Topliffe—were we to dare the perpetration of a pun, we would recommend him to call his inventions "lying made easy."

ITALIAN OPERA.

THE novelty in the past week has been the representation of the "Semiramide," with a very strong cast of characters. Madame Meric Lalande appearing as the *Queen*; Madame Malibran, as *Arsace*; Signor Lablache, as *Assur*; and Signor Ambrogi, as *Capo de Magi*. Curioni was the tenor. The first thing that occurs to us, on looking back to this performance, is the success of Madame Meric Lalande, in a part which has called forth the talents of the three greatest singers of the day; and the very favourable comparison which she might bear with even the most renowned of these. Her manner is dignified and appropriate: she delineates the character with much accuracy; and her singing is much more powerful and expressive than in any part which she has hitherto supported. Her voice, though it has lost its *frescura*, has nevertheless, in the lower tones, peculiarity of expression which ingratiates itself with the ear, and becomes, after a little while, much more agreeable than a mere unmeaning sweetness of sound; and her upper notes are as silvery and liquid as ever: so that, in the natural compass of her voice, there is a contrast which must at least redeem it from monotony. Her taste, too, is undeniably pure; and if even there be some physical defect which prevents her from quite filling up our idea of particular passages, she is sure never to offend us by a transgression or perversion of judgment. For the *Arsace* of Madame Malibran, we should have much praise to offer, did we think the part one to which her voice is naturally adapted. As far as it was possible, she threw considerable vigour and splendour into the representation; but it seemed to want a greater depth of voice, particularly as our ears are to this day ringing with the magnificent tones of Pisaroni's *contralto*. Who can forget the opening recitative, and the variety, and force, and expressiveness, of every particular in it? But Pisaroni's recitative is inimitable as an effort of science;—just as Madame Pasta's is inimitable for its intellectual character, and its perfect correspondence with every change of meaning in the verse to which it is set. On the other hand, the duet of "Ebben a te ferisci," never went off so well before the bright era of Madame Malibran. We used to rave about it last year, and we might do the same now, but that the two singers have not got it up with such practice, and with so nice an appearance of *sympathy*, as when Mademoiselle Sontag took the soprano part.

Signor Lablache rather disappointed us in *Assur*. There can be neither disappointment nor doubt as to the amazing powers of his voice; nor as to the delicacy of his taste, and management of these powers,—which make him as accomplished a chamber-singer as any whose soft music won the hearts of princesses and ladies high, when minstrels were honourable men, and barrel-organs had not superseded the "pleasing of their lutes";—but the solemnity of tragedy is at variance with the apparent bias of his talent; the bursting drollery—the *smorfie*—the jovial swell of voice—the improvisatory by-play,—these seem the natural exercise of his abilities;—in these he is unapproachable: as a serious singer, we know that he has rivals. On the whole, we are not sure whether we should not estimate Zucchelli as standing above him in this very part; and Galli, with whom he has still more

physical attributes in common, must surpass him in one or two respects;—whereas, in the style of the *Buffo Napolitano*, none can at all resemble him.

Signor Ambrogi made but a poor figure in his ecclesiastical costume; and Signor Curioni's voice does not enable him to be very forcible or conspicuous as *Idreno*. The Opera was performed twice during the week.

NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

The Disowned: a Ballad; composed by John Barnett. Barnett & Co.

Mr. Barnett has certainly a style peculiar to himself, in what we may dare to call *chivalrous* music, particularly when he takes pains; but the truth is, he writes too much, and does not allow his fancy, or his judgment either, that necessary repose—that *fallow*, as an agriculturist would say, which is so essential to the production of healthy novelty. We must also censure the apparent affectation which we find in the unnecessary display of a smattering of Italian, commonly to be found in the musical marks and directions of this composer's writings. He is a man of talent, and therefore ought to *eschew* such vanities.

The Toast be, dear Woman. Composed by G. Herbert Rodwell. Goulding & D'Almaine. The melody of this song must have had a tremendous struggle, before it harnessed quietly with the rhythm of the words with which it now quietly pairs. Nothing can be more incongruous. With the exception of one or two passages, a 6-8 movement would have better suited the occasional smooth center of the words. The harmony is unpretending and correct. Take it altogether, however, at a time when (as the poet himself says,) "the goblet is drained with transport," we have no doubt of its cordial reception; and even half a dozen *encores*, if it were for nothing else but "*the cause, my soul!*"

The Lady Isabel; composed by J. T. Craven. *Hasten o'er the Lea*; by Henry Fase.

The Lay of the Minstrel Knight; by Charles Purday.

THESE are cheerful and pleasing ballads, well calculated for the amusement of amateurs. The accompaniments are light and easy.

The Exiled Knight. Composed by John Barnett. Goulding & D'Almaine.

THIS is not the least successful attempt which has been made to rally English musical taste from the riot and disorder in which it long has been. It is really a classic composition; but we know not whether the pleasure we have received from it has not in some degree been negatived by this sad reflection and inquiry, "Who that can write this way, would ever write otherwise?" Haydn would not be ashamed of some counterpoints in this production; but, alas, it is not suited for the *counter of a music-vender*; and there, ten to one, it will be overlooked for some *butterfly* folly. We request Mr. Barnett to compose in this way *de temps en temps*, for the gratification of even a few.

A heart that once has loved like mine. An original Hindostane Melody, with Symphonies and Accompaniments; by George Ware.

THIS is an interesting air, and susceptible of much expression; and the accompaniments are extremely well suited to the character of the melody.

The Lays of a Wanderer.

A well-chosen selection of popular German airs, with English and German words, to which the accompaniments are extremely well composed and adapted, by Mr. C. Walther, who evinces, in their arrangement, great musical taste, and a very considerable degree of scientific knowledge. This volume is neatly bound, and elegantly ornamented with appropriate lithographic designs.

Instructions for the Piano-forte; by W. Eavestaff. WE have seldom seen a better series of instructions than the one now before us. The rudiments are carefully and clearly explained; the scales per-

fectly well-fingered; and the examples and airs that follow them admirably adapted to the progressive improvement of the student. We can safely recommend this book, not only to beginners on the piano-forte, but also to those more advanced practitioners, who may not have had the benefit of good musical tuition.

Les Beautés des Opéras; by W. Etherington.

A brilliant divertimento for the piano-forte, consisting of some of the favourite airs in "Masaniello," combined and arranged in an effective style, without being difficult.

THE THEATRES.

DRURY LANE.

"THE Spanish Husband; or, First and Last Love," was produced at this theatre on Tuesday. *Bianca* (Miss Phillips) and *Count Hypolito* (Mr. Wallack) had loved each other from a very early period. *Hypolito* had gone abroad about three years before the opening of the drama, and perished, as was believed, in a storm. *Bianca* is introduced to us as the bride of *Don Alvar* (Cooper)—devoted to her husband, yet pining for the loss of her early lover. The newly-wedded pair are on a visit to *Hypolito's* father, *Count Salerno* (Mr. Younge), whose daughter, *Julia* (Miss Mordaunt), is provided with a lover in the person of *Don Carlos* (Mr. Jones), who arrives at the same time as *Don Alvar*, and brings with him the long-lost *Hypolito*, whom he had rescued from those serviceable agents in a modern dramatic plot, the Algerines. This conjunction is ominous to *Bianca's* peace and her husband's honour. The lovers' meeting follows, with the usual accompaniments of fainting-fits, tears, and reproaches. The lady tears herself away, and hastens her husband's departure to his native Spain. Thither *Hypolito* follows her—enters her husband's palace disguised as a painter—discloses himself, and attempts to carry her off. The lady protests that she will not leave her husband, but, as she faints upon making the declaration, *Hypolito* proceeds to remove her. He is baulked, however, by the entrance of a servant, and at some risk, contrives to effect his escape. Still he hovers near the lady of his love; and during the confusion of a fire which occurs most opportunely, carries off the lady, insensible of course, to a vessel which he had in readiness. The husband follows in disguise—tracks *Hypolito* to his father's house—plays the painter as his rival had done—procrees admission to the lady's presence, and shoots *Hypolito* while kneeling at her feet. *Hypolito*, however, does not die, but after vouching for the lady's purity, proposes to embark for the holy wars. The husband and wife are reconciled—and the lady's dream of first love is dissolved.

The story, as all must admit, is poor enough, and the characters, dialogue and sentiment are well suited to it. The comedy of the piece had the effect of deadening the effervescence of the humour which nature has imparted to Harley and Mrs. Glover; while the parts which fell to the lot of Cooper, Wallack, and Miss Phillips, were equally devoid of all those points to which the talents of tragedians may impart interest or natural expression. The piece abounds in monologues. There is one on wedded love, in rivalry, we presume, of Milton; one on first love, in rivalry of the more popular of the writers for the *Minerva* press; and two rhapsodies on painting, which have the effect of recalling to memory, in rather an unpleasant way, Campbell's exquisite lines on that most creative of the arts. Cooper and Wallack struggled hard to lighten the mawkishness of their parts. We can scarcely say so much for Miss Phillips. Want of ease marks all her personations. Her conception of most of the characters which she plays is just; and her voice is rich, though most unskillfully modulated. Of the other performers, we may

say that they were, in general, better than their parts. It was melancholy to mark the lively Jones's efforts to be airy, to leave the author's dulness a little way behind. The majority of the house, however, proved friendly to the author; and the piece was allowed to be announced for repetition.

COVENT GARDEN.

The "Gamester" was played on Monday. We allude to it, merely for the purpose of expressing our admiration of Mr. Kemble's *Beverly*. It is one of the finest impersonations which the stage has ever witnessed. In the scene where his ruin is consummated by the loss of the jewels, and the sale of his reversionary interest to his uncle's estate, Mr. Kemble's acting is equal in truth and intensity to anything which poetry or painting has ever supplied, to illustrate the passions to which such a situation gives birth.

"Isabella" was repeated on Thursday. We cannot omit alluding to the performance of *Carlos* by Mr. G. Bennett. The elocution of this actor is superior to that of any other on the metropolitan boards, and it gives us pleasure to perceive that the frequenters of this theatre are awakening to a sense of his merits.

Mrs. Davenport took her leave of the public on Tuesday. She played the part of *Juliet's* Nurse, and never played it better. Her retirement creates a blank which we cannot hope to see speedily supplied—and we regret to learn that it has been hastened by severe domestic calamity. The house was crowded, and her reception rapturous. At the close of the piece she was called for. We subjoin her address, as a model of propriety and good taste.

"Ladies and Gentlemen—Could anything alleviate the oppression I feel at this trying moment, it would be the gratification of beholding this numerous assemblage of my kind friends and patrons, who, by their presence, have honoured the last hour of my public life. You have kindly borne with my infirmities, when, with more truth than good acting, I have cried, 'How my poor bones ache!' but did I trespass further on your indulgence, what would Mrs. Grundy say?"

"I thank you for this your last smile, and under its cheering influence, am enabled to bid you a grateful farewell!"

Miss Kemble in Comedy.

Last night Miss Kemble concluded her engagement, in the part of *Lady Townly*. She played it with infinite archness and spirit; and the power which she exhibited, though the full extent of her capacity for giving effect to the dialogue and situations of comedy was repressed by a slight want of confidence in herself, convinced us, that her favourite walk in the art to which she has devoted her talents, will ultimately prove different from that in which she has hitherto chiefly figured. Miss Kemble's course has, as yet, been one of unclouded brightness; she has revived the national attachment to the stage,—and achieved for the falling fortunes of Covent Garden, what the genius of Kean enabled him to do for Drury Lane.

Charles Kemble played *Lord Townly* as he plays all fine gentlemen, admirably. Abbot displayed great taste in his personation of *Mr. Manly*; and Miss Lawrence made *Lady Grace* as interesting as the part would allow her to do. Bartley, Meadows, and Miss Nelson, as *Sir Francis, Squire Richard*, and *Miss Jenny*, received the applause which their talents merited.

FRENCH PLAYS.—HAYMARKET.

WHETHER the manager has convinced himself that good houses are incompatible with the delights of Epsom, or whether by a preface of insipid diet he is now whetting the appetites of his audience for the reception of some exquisite treat, it does certainly happen that the performances at this house have of late been unusually destitute of novelty, and generally not

a little dull. There has been, indeed, an importation of two stars to cheer the gloom occasioned by the hasty disappearance of M. Bernard Léon;—but they are unlucky stars of an order discoverable only by telescopes of an unusual power, and, notwithstanding the vast improvement in opera-glasses, (ours, too, was seldom equalled in the *Palais-Royal*,) we confess ourselves unable to make any precise report of these new luminaries. M. Ponchard may be, as the modest bills proclaim him, first tenor at the *Opéra Comique*, the Royal Chapel, and the private concerts of his Majesty *Charles Dix*, but this proves only that there is a dearth in France, at present, of rising vocal talent, and that the most Christian king, who, by the way, cares for nothing but horns, is so disinterested a patriot that he excludes the foreign throats of Donzelli, Rubini, and the rest, from his indifferent concerts. Supposing our French neighbours to possess real musical taste—a fact about which some experience of both their Operas has rendered us sadly doubtful—the audience of the *Opéra Comique* is of a very different description from that of the Haymarket Theatre. In Paris each house has its peculiar class of attendants, who prefer its style and subjects to those of any other; but in London, the same people who frequent the French play, are in the daily course of hearing all the best music, public and private, from the best performers in the world. It is too much, therefore, to expect that they should be highly delighted by the worn-out and wavy strains of M. Ponchard, or the inarticulate murmurings of Madame Gossens, whose ears the night before have been thrilled by the thunders of Lablache, or soothed by the soft melodies of Lalande and Malibran. For the rest, M. Ponchard is a fair actor, and treads the stage with spirit and freedom. His style, too, is of a kind very superior to that of the majority of French singers. Madame Gossens is still less articulate in speaking than in singing, and, either from timidity or indifference, does not make a word of her part distinguishable beyond the regions of the orchestra. Both these performers were much applauded by the pit, where the fair proportion of French auditors are generally placed; but the desertion and apathy of the boxes must throw a damp on their exertions. One word we must say on the performances repeated by particular desire, as the bills so frequently announce them. As these of late have proved unflinching indications of a poor house and a dull evening, we must suppose the introduction of the phrase a poor artifice to excuse the repetition of pieces but too frequently performed before.

THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.

Clara Fisher's popularity in America seems, if possible, to be on the increase, as we learn, from the *Richmond Enquirer* of the 30th of March last, that one of the most celebrated American racers is called after her. In a letter in that print, the proprietor of "The Yankey Maid" offers to run "The Maid" against the four-footed "Clara Fisher" for 82,000 dollars.

—Miss Clara Fisher has been performing *Black-eyed Susan* to Mr. De Camp's *William* with distinguished success at Savannah.

—Horn and Miss Byfield have been singing with great success at Belfast. They have performed *Trumore* and *Annette* in "The Lord of the Manor" with great éclat.

—Mrs. Sloman, the well known tragic actress, late of Covent Garden, has just returned from America with her husband,—they having, in that "land of promise," realized a competency.

—Miss Paton has withdrawn herself from Covent Garden Theatre. Should "Cinderella" again be performed, Miss Forde will be her representative.

—A melo-drama, of which the scene is laid in England during the reign of Henry VIII., has just been brought out at *La Gaîté*, entitled "Le Couvent, ou, la Pensionnaire de Tonnington." The

authors have exhibited great ignorance of English manners, and even English names—but the piece succeeded, more by the acting than the material.

—Madame Mars is performing at Caen, with her usual brilliant success.

—Madame Schroeder Devrient, who delighted the Parisians in *Der Freischütz*, has lately appeared at the German Theatre in Beethoven's "Fidelio," with equal success. Her voice, her science, her dramatic fervour, are the objects of unbounded admiration to the Parisian critics. This lady, it is said, plays as well in French as in German. She is about to form an engagement at the Grand Opera.

—Miss Smithson has appeared at the *Théâtre de l'Opéra Comique*, in a piece composed for the occasion. Her part requires her to speak English, and that circumstance puzzles some of her critical admirers, though without shaking the constancy of their admiration: they still talk of the truth, the soul, the simplicity of her acting. To her, they remark, it signifies little whether a situation be good or bad. Her talent gives it interest; and, though she speaks in a strange tongue, she is never uninfelible.

Slaves of China.—The district of Namhoy in Canton Province, is said to contain at least 10,000 slaves. Other districts of similar extent contain as many. The INNOLUNTARY slaves are those who have been born in slavery; and those who have been by government subjected to slavery as a punishment. The VOLUNTARY slaves are those who sell themselves or consent to their parents selling them. The children of slaves are their master's property. In the event of the master's death, the slaves go to his children or other kindred. Slaves marry only with slaves. There are certain colours and dresses they are not allowed to wear. Square-toed shoes are forbidden to slaves. Beating them to death is punishable with 60 blows and one year and a half's transportation. Official people whose grandfather or father, grandmother or mother, beat a slave to death, forfeit their pay. The killing of children or grand-children of free people, is punished in the same manner as the crime of killing a slave. The treatment of slaves by the Tartar soldiery, to whom they have been given by government, is said to be often very severe.

—Military and marine officers in China rise, it is said, from the ranks. That is, there are certain reviews, which are a kind of military examination, at which private soldiers, and candidates for military office, must indiscriminately attend. The most expert and skilful in martial exercises obtain degrees which qualify them for office.

Vienna.—A table of the deaths and births of the population of this capital from 1801 to 1825 inclusive, has been transmitted to us, and we extract from it, as deserving of remark, the following particulars. At the end of the eighteenth century, the average of deaths was 18,452, and of births, 11,636;

In 1801 there were 15,181 deaths, 11,429 births
1813 12,971 12,101
1825 10,959 13,298

Between the first and last of these years, therefore, the decrease in the number of deaths had been 4,222, and the increase in the number of births 1869, which evidently argues a sensible amelioration in the public health of Vienna; particularly when coupled with the diminution in the number of marriages, which in 1801, were 2756; in 1813, 1973; and in 1825, 2474.

Monument to Eugène Beauharnois.—The architectural portion of this splendid effort of Thorwaldsen's chisel has been executed by Klenze, the architect to the court of Munich. Over the entrance to the mausoleum stands Eugene's device—"Honour and Fidelity;" and upon the pedestal the subsequent inscription has been placed: "Hic placide ossa cubant Eugenii Napoleonis, regis Italiae, vices quondam gerentis. Nat.

Lutet. Parisiorum d. 11 Sept. MDCCCLXXXI. def. Monach. d. xxi. Febr. MDCCCLXXXIV. Monumentum posuit vidua morens Augusta Amalia Maximil. Jos. Bavar. Regis Lilia."

French Statistic Society.—The evident utility of this institution will, no doubt, lead to the formation of a similar one in this country. At the last meeting of the *Société de Statistique*, Count Chaptal, the President, communicated extensive researches upon the corn crops in France, from which it results that, in a common year, the surplus of the produce over the consumption is 3½ per cent, equal to the consumption of the whole population for 13 days; in good years the surplus is 7½ per cent, equal to 27 days' consumption; and in very abundant years, 15½ per cent, equal to 56 days' consumption. A bad harvest on the other hand presents a deficiency of 4 per cent; a very bad one 7 per cent; and a scarcity 12½ per cent. During a period of 270 years up to 1830, there has been one calamitous year in eight, and commonly in five consecutive harvests there have been three good, one middling, and one bad.

—The subscription medal in honour of the majority of the French Chamber of Deputies, will bear on one side an allegorical representation of France, supported by the charter, holding an address to the King: on the reverse, the date of the triumph, 16th March, 1830.

—A public library has just been established at Odessa, to be open daily except Sundays and festivals.

Hydrophobia.—Several persons were lately bitten by a wolf in the forest of Orleans; they all became affected with hydrophobia—five have since died; and a sixth is said to have cut his throat, in despair at seeing the sufferings and death of his comrades.

—The Baron Cuvier was to commence on Tuesday last, at the Paris Academy of Sciences, a course of lectures on comparative anatomy, in which he will treat of the nervous system, and the organs of the senses.

—The telegraphic communication between Toulon and Paris, is effected in the short space of twenty minutes.

Prosecutions of the Press.—There are, says *Le Globe*, no less than nine prosecutions against the press now pending either in Paris or the departments. The editor of one, *Le National*, has put a period to his existence—whether from public wrongs or private grief is hard to say. He had been cited to appear before the tribunal the day following the fatal deed. He is much regretted by all his friends and colleagues of the press.

—*Fire-raising* seems to be a common crime in France. A boy of thirteen years of age was committed to the prison of Saint-Lô, a few days ago, charged with having played the incendiary seven or eight times.

Cochin-Chinese.—By recent accounts from China, it appears that this people are rapidly undergoing both moral and political changes. Chinese influence is gradually gaining ground among them. A native of China has obtained the appointment of prime minister, and assumed the same title as those of the celestial empire. He has succeeded in persuading their young king to forego the practice of barter, as being beneath his dignity. The native jargon is no longer used in official documents, but pure Chinese has been substituted. The penal code of China is also finding its way into the practice of the courts. Buddhism, however, does not prevail, though they get all their books from China. Christianity is at present tolerated among the people; but it is not improbable that Chinese influence may bring with it hatred against the Christians. They are, nevertheless, building vessels to carry on trade with Singapore, Penang, and Batavia,—which will tend to strengthen the Christian community.

Bohemia.—In the year 1772, the population of this kingdom was (under the conscription then for the first time introduced,) ascertained to be 2,314,785 souls; between that period and the close of 1828, it has risen to 3,672,465. The increase that has taken place, therefore, in this interval has been 1,357,680; being an average increase of 24,241.

—The Emperor of Russia, has yielded to the solicitation of the University of Warsaw, and allowed it to take his name.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, May 22.—On Wednesday last the following degrees were conferred:

Doctor in Divinity: Rev. S. C. Lord, Wadham, Grand Compounder.
Bachelor in Divinity: Rev. C. C. Clerke, Student of Christchurch, and Archdeacon of Oxford.
Masters of Arts: Rev. J. Medley, Wadham Coll., Grand Compounder; Rev. J. Hoole, Wadham Coll., Rev. E. S. C. B. Cave, Brazen-nose; Rev. H. Trimmer, and Rev. J. Byron, Exeter Coll.

Bachelors of Arts: J. A. Harrison, St. Mary Hall; W. Watt, and T. Twiss, Scholars of University Coll.; J. U. Gaskell, Magdalene Hall; I. S. Godmon, and E. Cooke, Queen's Coll.; J. N. Harrison, Scholar of Worcester Coll.; J. B. Dyne, Scholar of Wadham Coll.; H. Bostock, Wadham Coll.; H. Fowler, W. R. Brown, and T. Halton, Brazen nose Coll.; J. Guilleard, Fellow of St. John's Coll.; J. Hayward, Exeter Coll.; and S. V. Edwards, Trinity Coll.

WATERSIDE, May 28.—At the Congregation on Wednesday last, the following degrees were conferred:

Masters of Arts: T. Turner, V. F. Howenden, Fellows of Trinity Coll.; J. Hills, St. John's Coll.; J. Bishop, Trinity Hall, Compounder; G. King, Corpus Christi Coll.
Licentiate in Physic: J. Johnstone, Trinity Coll.
Bachelor in Civil Law: H. Bond, Christ Coll.
Bachelors of Arts: F. Turnley, Trinity Coll.; W. J. Conroy, Clare Hall, Compounder; G. K. Jarvis, Pembroke Coll.; T. Walker, Trinity Hall; G. A. Whitaker, Emmanuel Coll.

On Friday last Mr. Harry Dupuis, Scholar of King's College, was admitted Fellow of that society.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

D'Israeli's *Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles the First*, Vols. 3 & 4, 8vo. 19s.—The English at Home, by the author of *The English in Italy*, and *The English in France*, 3 vols. post 8vo. 17s. 6d.—Family Classical Library, No. VI. *Herodotus*, Vol. 2, 4s. 6d.—Burke's Official Kalendar for 1830, cloth, 10s. 6d.—Hughes's *Divines of the Church of England*, Vol. 1, 8vo. bds. 7s. 6d.—Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopediæ, Vol. 7, Cities and Towns of the World, Vol. 1, 12mo, cloth, 6s.—Luther's *Sermons*, 8vo. bds. 9s.—Wiffen's *Tasso*, 3d edit. 2 vols. 15s.

Weekly Meteorological Journal.

Days of the Month.	Thermom.	Barometer.	Winds.	Weather.
W.M.	A.M.	Noon.		
Th.	20	68	29.75	S.E. to N.E.
Fr.	21	58	29.57	E.
Sat.	22	60	29.65	Var.
Sun.	23	63	29.56	N.E. to W.
Mon.	24	65	29.50	S.
Tues.	25	70	29.45	S.
Wed.	26	68	29.13	S.W. to W.

Temperature registered at 9 A.M., and 8 P.M.

Prevailing Clouds.—Cumulus, and Cumulonimbus. Mean temperature, 60.5°—atmospheric pressure, 29.40. Thunder on Saturday and Sunday.

Astronomical Observations.

The Moon in Perigee on Thursday, at 1h. 6m. Sun entered Gemini on Friday, at 3h. 10m. P.M. Moon and Mercury in conj. on Wed. at 10h. 4m. P.M. Saturn's geocentric long. on Wed. 12° 55' in Leo. Jupiter's 12° 6' in Capricorn. Venus's — — — 19° 1' in Aries. Sun's — — — 4° 40' in Gemini. Length of day on Wed. 16h. 2m.; incr. 8h. 18m. No night.

Sun's horary motion 2° 23'. Logarithmic number of distance .005882.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A press of interesting original matter obliges us still to withhold several notices of books, and other articles, prepared for insertion: they, however, will not lose their interest by temporary delay. We trust our subscribers will not find fault with us for giving them a greater proportion of original matter derived from our own resources.

—Some Concert Tickets reached us too late to give the necessary attention to the Performances. We beg our friends to be a little earlier with them in future.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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